Hope Of Morning

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5390963.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M, Gen
Fandom:	Durarara!!
Relationships:	Orihara Kururi/Orihara Mairu, Kishitani Shinra/Celty Sturluson, Family Relationships, Friendship - Relationship, Heiwajima Shizuo & Orihara Izaya, Kishitani Shinra & Orihara Izaya, Heiwajima Shizuo & Kishitani Shinra, Orihara Izaya & Yagiri Namie, Orihara Izaya & Ryuugamine Mikado, Kida Masaomi & Ryuugamine Mikado & Sonohara Anri, Karisawa Erika & Yumasaki Walker, Orihara Izaya & Celty Sturluson, Heiwajima Kasuka/Hijiribe Ruri, Heiwajima Kasuka & Heiwajima Shizuo, Heiwajima Shizuo & Tanaka Tom, Orihara Izaya & Orihara Mairu, Orihara Izaya & Orihara Kururi, Kida Masaomi/Mikajima Saki, Minor or Background Relationship(s), Harima Mika/Yagiri Seiji, Ryuugamine Mikado/Sonohara Anri, Orihara Izaya & Shiki Haruya, shiki - Relationship
Characters:	Orihara Izaya, Kishitani Shinra, Orihara Kururi, Orihara Mairu, Heiwajima Shizuo, Heiwajima Kasuka, Tanaka Tom, Shiki Haruya, Shiki, Karisawa Erika, Yumasaki Walker, Celty Sturluson, Ryuugamine Mikado, Yagiri Namie, Kadota Kyouhei, Sonohara Anri
Additional Tags:	Past Child Abuse, Slow Build, Friendship, Angst, Some Minor Self-Harm, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Light Bondage, Bondage, Amnesia After Suicide Attempt, Depressed Orihara Izaya, Self-Hatred, Personal Growth, Suicide Attempt, Tags May Change, Physical Abuse, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Big brother shizuo, shizuchan, Drama, Psychological Trauma, Dysfunctional Family, Family Secrets, Family Drama, Feels, Comfort/Angst, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, friendship bonding, Anxiety Attacks, Anxiety, Social Anxiety, Amnesia, Temporary Amnesia, Awakusu-Kai
Language:	English
Collections:	Shizaya*, Anonymous List 012
Stats:	Published: 2015-12-09 Updated: 2015-12-27 Words: 40,862 Chapters: 18/?

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by karinakamichi

Summary

What had led to this he could only assume, but he had to 'help' Izaya, no matter what. It was a promise, at least to himself. He now truly wanted to make up for the hurt he may have unknowingly caused him. Izaya was constantly gadding people to just commit suicide, but one day Shinra receives a call. Izaya had tried to off himself. Was it karma, or something else? Rumors would definitely spread, but what would actually become of the Izaya that everyone knew? Would he ever even be the same? Or for once in everyone's lives, will things actually start to come and piece together for good? Amnesia/TWT/Dark themes

Chapter 1

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 1

Summary: What had led to this he could only assume, but he had to 'help' Izaya, no matter what. It was a promise, at least to himself. He now truly wanted to make up for the hurt he may have unknowingly caused him. Izaya was constantly gadding people to just commit suicide, but one day Shinra receives a call. Izaya had tried to off himself. Was it karma, or something else? Rumors would definitely spread, but what would actually become of the Izaya that everyone knew? Would he ever even be the same? Or for once in everyone's lives, will things actually start to come and piece together for good? Amnesia/TWT/Dark themes

Warnings for entire story: A suicide attempt, some talk of physical and psychological abuse, language(...?), talk and acts of smoking(Shizuo)[is that a warning? Oh well... =w=], and minor self-harm in the future, as well as an amnesic Izaya.

Shinra's Apartment

It was late, as the underground doctor, Kishitani Shinra, sat on the couch, absentmindedly watching a news station on a large black TV, all the while he was continuously and anxiously awaiting his headless lover's, Celty's, return.

"I wish Celty would come on hooome..." he whined, childishly rolling around on the cushions. That's when his phone suddenly began ringing on top of a nearby coffee table.

'I wonder who that could be. Must be another job or something...' he assumed nonchalantly, before getting up.

He was almost surprised when he saw that it was Namie, but he answered anyway. She usually wasn't up at two or three in the morning to make a phone call, unless it was about something really important, and-backslash-or something that was getting in her way. It had definitely perked his curiosity at least a bit, or he probably wouldn't have answered right now.

"Moshimoshi." Shinra said, turning on the speaker and down the TV.

"Kishitani-sensei, it's me." came Namie's voice from the other end of the phone line.

"Namie-san, you hardly ever call me this late. So, to say the least, I'm actually a bit surprised. Did something happen?" Shinra inquired.

"Yes, it's..." The woman suddenly trailed off into silence. Even though he wasn't there personally, he could pretty much tell she was distracted by something.

"Namie-san?"

"Right, I must apologize for that. " she said after a moment, coughing a bit awkwardly, before he heard the door open behind him, knowing that Celty was back. He wanted to hug her right away, but forced himself to stay on the phone.

"As you should know by now, I'm not a person who particularly enjoys prolonging a conversation, beside of with my brother Seiji, so I'm just going to be quick and direct about this." she stated simply and as-a-matter-of-factly.

"Um, okay." Shinra gave a sort-of questioning tone, confused.

"Earlier, I happened to leave my coat at Izaya's apartment building, so I came back a short while ago to retrieve it. However, whenever I got there, there was a faint smell of blood coming from the bathroom, where I'd found him in a large pile of blood. Apparently, he'd attempted to slit his own throat with one of his switchblades. He's still breathing, though, but it's actually rather faint. I am currently cleaning up some of the blood, right now."

Shinra felt his stomach suddenly turn and his breath catch in his chest when what she'd just told him started to sink in. *Izaya*. *Blood. His switchblade. Suicide.* This had to be some sort of joke, right?

"Wait, Orihara-kun wouldn't... Na...Namie-san, what kind of job has he put you up this time? Have you... called an ambulance or something? Tell me; he's okay, right? What-"

"Kishitani-sensei," his chest dropped when he was suddenly cut off by Namie. "you are his friend, are you not? I wouldn't have even found him if I hadn't left my coat here, and I have no obligation to actually save that man. However, according to that Dullahan friends of yours, you're one of the only people who claims Orihara-san to be one of his friends. Personally, I think, if you say something such as that, you should at least *try* to live up to it if you really are as devoted to him as you say you are. It's up to you if you if want to abandon him, despite the fact you *are* one of the only 'friends' he says he has as well. To be honest, I really don't care one way or the other about him, much less what caused him to resort to this, as I've already paid him back for anything he'd say I owed him by bandaging some of his more serious injuries and cleaning up his blood. So I'm leaving the rest up to you. Do what you want, I guess. I'm hanging up now."

"Wait...!" Shinra exclaimed, but then dropped the phone when he realized she'd already hung up.

He jumped, slightly startled, when a message box on a certain PDA was shoved into his face.

[What happened?]

It was Celty. It'd kind of slipped his mind that she was even there, but he suddenly gave her a desperate look.

"Celty, would you be mind to taking me to Izaya's apartment over in Shinjuku...? Namie-san just called me. Something really bad happened, but I don't feel I can say anything for sure until I go there. He... I..."

He had to see it for himself; or he felt he'd never be able to forgive himself for not trying to help if something actually did happen to Izaya. Especially when...he'd noticed the oncoming signs and had tried to ignore them. Izaya had never willingly let anyone in on his own feelings unless they were persistent enough, and they were a true friend, but most people didn't like him and would just give up as soon as he was acting himself again. The truth was, nobody had really ever wanted to be around Izaya, nor had anybody wanted to involve him in anything with their friends, ever since he could remember.

He momentarily began to wonder if the crimson eyed man had forgotten *how* to be *himself*, much less ask for advice even from a 'friend'. He also began to feel guilty about the whole 'hot pot' incident(as well as a few other things), but quickly retracted to staying calm, because Izaya was in a lot worse shape than *he* was right now. He hoped that Namie would at least watch over him for a little while longer because, anything at all could happen at this point, he was sure.

Celty seemed to nod in understanding, as she typed a message and held it up to him.

[If it's really what you want, I'd be glad to. Is he hurt...? Do you want to talk about it?]

"Yes, no, well, it's, um..." he tried to find the words, but they wouldn't come. Celty then waved her hand slightly dismissively, but in a way to let him know that they would discuss it later, if he wanted.

[It's alright. You don't have to talk about it right now, if you don't want, Shinra. I'd...kind of rather find out for myself, as well...]

As he read the message, tears welled up in his eyes, before he gave her a small smile.

"You know... I don't know how many times I've said this, but I really am happy that you're here for me, Celty. I'd never be able to express it enough, but you really do mean so much to me, Celty." he hugged her briefly, before leaving the room to retrieve his first aid kit throwing it into a travel bag of which he quickly slipped on his back. They then left the apartment, making their way outside of the building, immediately using her shadows to form her 'motorcycle-horse'.

Getting on behind her after his helmet had been made, he wrapped his arms around her, preparing for her to take off.

[It's been a while since you've asked me to take you somewhere.]

She briefly held out her PDA for him to read, before he felt the world around him begin to speed by.

"It has, hasn't it...?" Shinra looked away, pulling closer. He momentarily rested his cheek on her upper back.

He just couldn't seem to ignore the feeling lurking deep in the pit of his stomach that this was going to be a stressful night for all of them, and worry for his friend-since-middle-school only increased. What had led to this he could only assume, but he had to find a way to help

Izaya, no matter what. It was a *promise,* if not to one of his only *friends*, then at least to *himself*. He then wanted to do his best to make up for the hurt he may have unknowingly caused him.

Despite what Izaya *had* done, he *was* still his friend. Even if *he* didn't want to accept it, he was still human where it counted, and would always be liable to those terrible feelings and emotions.

No, he just simply refused to let him to deal with all that, *alone*, anymore. The thought of it in itself, hurt enough anyway.

'We're almost there', Celty informed him with her phone.

However, this would still be *one long night*, he was sure...

~ End of Chapter

Translations

Moshimoshi. - Hello(on the phone).

A/N: What do you think? Do you think it has potential? I'm going to do something some of you may have not ever seen done before. Izaya's amnesia will cause his mind to 'travel' back will go back to when he was still about twelve or thirteen. His personality will be sort of based off of my own perception of him. Also, don't expect his memories to come back all at once of course. He will remember things slowly. There won't be many pairings other than mildly implied canon ones. I do however, plan to include some major (but naturally slow) development between Shizuo and Izaya. This fic will take time for me to write. I keep starting fanfictions, but I really do want to go through with this to the end if possible. I've never written anything with amnesia before, so please be nice, okay? =w=

Thank you, so much. Btw, reviews of all kinds will be greatly appreciated. I like to know when my stories lightens someone's day. Really, thank you, all!

Ja ne~! ^w^

Chapter 2

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 2
Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR! Or any of it's characters. But I am a God that will decide Izaya-kun's fate and what happens in this story, though, ne~?

A/N: I know it's probably not as absolutely in character as it could be, but I promise I tried. Very often, I'll re-edit stories so they'll eventually be a lot more in character all the way through.

'I love humans; it's true. I've always been fanatically obsessed with them. Why? I don't know. I guess it's just because I was born like this. It's not as if I actually requested for it to be this way; it just is. Am I really that terrible and unlikable for you all? It may be hard to believe it, but what turns people off about me most aside from my job as an information broker, is my smirk. Especially that warmonger, Shizu-chan.

It's truly hard for me to fathom why a single facial expression could anger and piss so many people off. However, do you know what is even harder for me to believe? It's the fact that those said people are somehow managing to affect me in such an irritating and disturbing way such as this. I couldn't recall (if I wanted to) when I was even 'blessed' with this dear 'god-complex' of mine, nor when I stopped caring about it.

Even though I did say I stopped caring about it, it is *still a bit unsettling to me, as* I *don't even understand* it *or* myself, *even up to* now*, and I despise it, just as I'm frankly beginning to do with myself and everyone else around me, my beloved humans included, anymore. Quite frankly, it's sickening to me, so with this note, I've decided I'm going to leave this pathetic world. At least I wouldn't have to hurt or be hurt, ne? Besides, it's not like I'm not going to die* eventually*, so why not* now*?* Surely, now *would be as good a time as* any*, am I wrong?*

I am sort of sorry to anyone who actually cared, but I refuse to keep 'living on' as I am, because... it's just too late. This broken reflection of a former proud and lively information dealer bids every single one of you a long-waited-for farewell, my fellow humans, and monsters; even Dullahan-san and Shizu-chan... 'hope you'll get mad 'cause you couldn't kill me, yourself, and you'll never will be able to. Shinra and Dota-chin, you weren't *very nice to me at times, even though you* did *call me your friend. Even so, to be honest, I* am *still glad I got to meet you both.*

I know quite well it won't mean a lot to much of any of you, because in this world, what do *words mean anyway, but* right now, as I 'still exist' in this world, *Mikado-kun, and Masasomi-kun, I truly am sorry for any trouble I've caused you as well as your dear friends up to now, but I know you'll be able to move on with lil' ol' me gone. Both of you will still continue evolving; I'm certain of it.*

Anyway, sorry to cut this letter off so short*, but I'm just way too bored and irritated now to write anymore without almost puking my guts up... Sayounara, mina-san.*

- Always sincerely, Orihara Izaya as you know- A once rather passionate info-dealer, boss, friend, brother, rival, and lover of all humans.

Namie had already (regrettably)left, and Shinra almost threw up when he stepped foot into Izaya's apartment. It wasn't as though he wasn't used to seeing much blood, but seeing Izaya of all people covered in so much crimson just...didn't set right with him, because he hardly ever saw it, And Izaya rarely ever showed much of his skin at all, unless it absolutely necessary. Otherwise, he just wore that trademark coat of his, even in summer.

Then again, Izaya liked being in control. He wouldn't let the 'measly heat' do so instead, and allow himself to cave into his 'human-side'.

A joke, he dully pondered, but come to think of it though, why *did* Izaya usually always seem to wear such hot jackets(if not that, then at least just really long sleeves, like right then)? Ever since he had met him, Izaya's 'cycle' of clothing preferences had always seemed to intrigue him, but Izaya had actually never once really given him a straight answer to it, only ever darted around it. Plus, he'd never been able to get close enough to him *to* find out much, because Izaya didn't seem to be that fond of much physical contact. He was pretty sure that he himself was one of the only ones who'd even noticed it, but the red eyed man had always grown a bit tense when another person attempted to hugged him. Even as simple a gesture as patting him on the shoulder; he never seemed to like it that much.

He took out his first aid kit, as Celty kneeled beside him to assist him if requested. He could tell by her aura that she seemed to feel just about as unsure of *her*self as *he* did *him*self.

He studied Izaya's odd and troubled expression as he carefully cleaned up the blood. Either he was having a bad dream, or he was actually conscious for the moment.

"Izaya-kun...? Can you hear me at all?"

He almost didn't expect him to say anything even if was awake, but when he did, he was a bit surprised.

"Sh..ra..?"

"Yes..., it's me," he replied softly. "H-how are you feeling right now...?"

'This is all my fault. I knew he'd been acting a bit weird lately, but I didn't do anything. I didn't even say anything, or ask if he was okay, even though I'm suppose to be his friend... I really am such a terrible person...'

He then noticed the raven's calm distantly troubled expression expression suddenly seemed to relax. Tears threatened to fall, and many thoughts seemed to be swarming his head all of a sudden for some reason, but he knew had to push the thoughts away for right now, because he couldn't allow himself to be distracted by his own personal feelings. Izaya's life could be very well depending on his treatment at the moment.

When he finished disinfecting and sterilizing the less deep cuts covering his wounds, despite Izaya's slight wincing every now and then, he did his best to bandage them with a gauze

wrap. It would do for now, or at least until he got back to his apartment place, he was sure, even if it was pretty thin.

Celty had gotten up and managed to find both of Izaya's most commonly worn fur jackets as well as his house key so they could lock the door when they left. Izaya didn't seem to have a whole lot of stuff around, on the exception of a few apples, water bottles, and a laptop, as well as about four or five cell phones around the house, and his 'chess board'. She decided to stack the laptop, game board(how many of those did he have?), the game pieces, his jackets, his phones, the few clothes he ever cared to wear and enveloped all of it within her shadows. There was no telling what was going to happen after this, or how long Izaya would be staying with them. If she wasn't mistaken, didn't most people pay weekly for these apartments? Oh well, better not to risk more 'trouble' with Izaya because his stuff had been 'sold off' or 'pawned'. Not that she'd ever known him to be the type to really care much for going after someone for revenge, but there was a first time for everything wasn't there? Or so the saying went...

Gently lifting Izaya in his arms(he couldn't help but briefly notice how light he was), Shinra made sure all the blood had been cleared and cleaned up and then carried Izaya outside. Celty locked the door behind them, before bending down to place the key underneath the doormat.

"Celty, do you mind making a van out of your shadows...? Izaya is not really that heavy or anything, but-" Shinra sheepishly cut himself off mid-sentence when he saw she'd already done so, and was standing there waiting for him to get in.

"Oh wow, thank you, Celty! I love you so much! You really such life saver to me, you know that?" he cried in relief(causing her to blush in her own way), before he moved to lay Izaya in a safe enough position in one of the 'seats'. Celty then laid the shadow-box containing Izaya's stuff on the floor of the shadow-van. After a moment, she turned to Shinra, showing him a typed message into her PDA.

[Are you ready to go?]

"I'm ready if you are." he gave a small smile after reading it. She nodded in response to show she was.

As he was riding there, Shinra couldn't help but feel a bit bad for asking Celty to do this for him. He knew she didn't like Izaya very much, and he was constantly and hiring her for extremely risky and dangerous jobs that could have nearly gotten her killed, but, still, Izaya was his friend, and who else could he have turned to ask for help on this. How was she feeling? What was she thinking right now? What was *he* thinking...?

...

He heard a voice. It sounded vaguely familiar, but even if he tried, he was almost sure he couldn't have placed who it belonged to, so he decided not to.

Instead, he just chose to listen, keeping his eyes closed because of his headache. By what he could judge, a young man was talking to someone named 'Serutei'. Could they be... foreign? Was the guy on the phone? Where was he?

He didn't remember a lot, but it almost felt as though he'd been asleep for along time. Something didn't feel right to him. That's all he decided he knew. Finally opening his eyes, he quickly realized he was a doctor's room of some sort...

Then there was his body. How the hell long had he been asleep even? *Something wasn't right.* Where was he...? Surely, that man would know, right...?

He didn't especially like places like this, where he felt as though he had no control, so he planned to get this over with as soon as possible...and hopefully leave, if they didn't have some 'other' plan for him...

~ *End of Chapter*

A/N: Hope you liked it okay. Yes, there was time-skip between the time when Celty and Shinra carried Izaya back, but there is a reason, and a lot of things may not be fully explained in this chapter, but I have my reasons. I promise. Please let me what you think? =w='

Ja ne~!

Chapter 3

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 3
Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

?

"Ah...?"

As soon as Izaya looked the doctor in the face, he knew he definitely recognized him, but from where was the only question. He felt like he knew him, or *should* know him. However, much to his displeasure, this was like being unable to put a face to a name, even though he was almost certain it was right at the tip of his tongue - just the other way around.

"Orihara-kun, you're finally awake. You've been out of it for quite some time, now... How are you feeling?" the brunette doctor questioned, disturbing the silence with a chirpy voice, which also had an obvious undertone of concern. Izaya was then certain that this doctor *did* know him, considering the way he spoke with a sense of fondness. He could subconsciously feel the oncoming anxiety, and was already growing slightly irritated without any real cause other than the lack of control and knowledge of why the hell he was here. Who'd managed to catch him off guard enough to 'kidnap' him? What was he planning right now?

"I feel fine, I guess, but..., where am I? Do I know you from somewhere?" he hadn't especially intended to sound rude, or snap at him, but apparently he had.

He noticed the doctor seemed to momentarily freeze, before giving a slightly hurt look. "Wait... Don't you... recognize me?"

"Well..." Izaya paused in deep thought, studying his expression. "I *do* recognize you, and your voice *does* sound familiar, but only vaguely... That's all. What's your name...?"

"Ah, I see..." his glasses reflected one of the dim lights around him briefly, as he turned his head away for a second to think. He then smiled.

"It's Kishitani Shinra, but just refer to me as Shinra, alright? you may have amnesia. It may take a while," he explained. "but your memories should soon come back, or at least eventually."

"Ah... Wait, Amnesia...?" Izaya repeated the diagnosis beneath his breath in slight disbelief. Wasn't amnesia usually caused by some kind of blunt head injury, or at least something of the sort?

"Did I get finally get knocked out by a beer bottle or something...?"

Shinra seemed to be taken off guard by his comment, and he quickly mentally cursed at himself for the possible slip of details. *Even risking revelations like that; what was he even*

think-

"I-iie... It was...something else..." Shinra stammered, fumbling over his words, slightly nervous about it. "I... can tell you... I-if you want me to, that is. I-"

Izaya could easily tell Shinra *didn't* want to talk about it right now, despite the offer, if he, himself, wanted to know. He'd never been the type to force people into talking about things they didn't want to, even if it *was* something regarding him, because he, *too,* had things he preferred to just go unspoken from his part, and things he didn't like talking about - therefore he *wouldn't*.

"No... Forget it." he mumbled, interrupting him.

"Um..." Shinra was a bit confused and taken off when Izaya pretty much asked him to just drop it.

"I can tell..." Izaya continued, pausing for a second to think. "that you don't want to tell me... It's fine. I don't really care to find out... It may sound strange, but I think I'd prefer to just remember it on my own, than be told, anyway..."

Shinra was sort of surprised that Izaya didn't even seem to really want to know, but then again... he wasn't exactly a normal person in many ways, so in the context of this *being* him, he was actually personally glad for that right now. "...Alright, if you're sure."

"Yeah..." Izaya confirmed quietly and nonchalantly.

"By the way, what exactly *are* you to me...?"

Shinra was quiet for short while. "...I'm your friend, or at least... was suppose to be..."

"Hn?" Izaya seemed curious, certain that there had to be more to it than that. Shinra was his friend? Impossible. He had no friends. *No way...*

"It's just... I guess you would say I failed to act like one, especially at points when I *should* have been there for you... Sorry..." Shinra trailed off into silence, eyes downcast, as he stared at his trembling writing hand.

Izaya gave him an extremely small and rather exhausted, but somewhat friendly, smile. "Oi..., why are you apologizing to me, Shinra-san...?"

Shinra looked back over at him.

"*Okay*, maybe you *weren't* that great of a 'friend' to me, but studying you lets me know something. I can easily tell that you didn't ever purposefully go out of your way to hurt me, am I wrong? You know, Shinra-san, it's nearly impossible to be a friend to everyone *all* the time, so knowing that you at least *tried* at *times* is good enough to *me*..."

Shinra gave a sudden pain-filled, but still 'happy of sorts', smile. "Thanks..."

"...Anytime." came Izaya's simple reply, after trying to get comfortable in this make-shift stretcher.

Several moments passed, when Shinra seemed to recall something. "Also, I just remembered that there's something I needed to ask you. Orihara-kun, do you... know how old you are...?

Said man contemplated for about three or four seconds. "Last I can recall..., thirteen..., I think, but how old am I, really?"

"...You're twenty eight." responded Shinra uneasily, not turning to look at him, but keeping his attention on the papers he was writing on.

"Hn? Twenty eight...? You have to be kidding, ne? How could I have lost around fifteen years in my memory? Something like that couldn't actually be possible, could it...?" Izaya was honestly in slight disbelief, but strangely decided *against* arguing with this doctor's logic, even if it *didn't* quite make sense to him. Even if he *were* to try, he knew had no evidence to argue with against him, so it would just be stupid to. And it wasn't like he *wanted* to, right now, anyway. He had no reason to.

"Yeah, it is, but I usually don't have to deal with cases like this one..." Shinra told him, once again scribbling down some more notes.

"What are you writing...?" Izaya asked, as a sudden memory of a certain 'doctors note' getting back his father made him sort of forget that he wasn't currently a teenager anymore.

"It's just some information about your situation and all. Don't worry, it's nothing bad, I promise. I can show you, if you want." Shinra answered, unsure of what else he could have really said to that.

"I know it's pointless to be asking this, but I'll do so, anyway. Are you going to tell my family about this visit? Or rather, do you *have to...?*"

"What are you talking about? Do you *want* me to? I mean, I *could*, if you really want me to-" Shinra was startled when Izaya abruptly cut him off, seemingly frightened.

"No. I *don't*."

Their gazes met, but Izaya sort of seemed to be looking *past* Shinra, rather than *at* him, in a way. All the while, his breath seemed to be growing a bit uneasy and rapid at this point.

"Sure. I won't, then. You don't have to worry about it, alright...?" Shinra waved his hands a little defensively, realizing what might be going on.

"By the way..., I was sort of wondering about something... This is the first time I've ever actually considered it, being *you* and all... You don't have to tell me about it if you don't want to, but, um..., Izaya..., have you... been abused?" he wanted to know, but he hoped he wouldn't really upset him by asking him this. It could potentially trigger someone who *had* been abused, if more ways than *one*...

Izaya seemed to stiffen for a moment, before he soon seemed to slightly relax again. "Yeah, I guess you could say that, but it's mainly just *otou-san* who does or did it... It could've always been a lot worse, but the sick bastard is nearly always getting himself drunk, and taking his own pain out on everyone around him. *Okaa-san* is or was constantly protecting me or my two sisters from him."

"Ah... You know...," Izaya turned away, giving a small bitter and hurt-filled smile, as (annoying)tears seemed to form in the corners of his eyes. Why was he even telling him this anyway? For some reason, it wasn't quite bothering him as much as he thought it would, but, regardless, he still couldn't bring himself to look the other in the eye for the fear of what he might be 'thinking', or what his face would show him. "I always disliked it..., 'cuz I've always hated him... Well, not that it even really matters *now*, I suppose... *Hah*..."

Shinra had honestly never once seen Izaya getting nearly this frustrated with himself, nor extremely 'emotional' like this before, but with what he was witnessing now, he suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to just *embrace* him tightly for a long time and let him cry out every bit of pain out that he had been feeling, if only that was *possible*.

How had he not known; not even *suspected* anything when they'd met? Surely there were plenty signs of it, but nothing in his head even *once* rang the word 'abuse'. It should have been so *obvious*, and he now felt even worse than before, in realization that Izaya had never once known how to reach out or had tried to call out, nor ever asked people for help, even when he truly needed it. But he'd probably just thought it was... *'normal'*...

At that moment, a few things he'd wondered about before had sort of been pieced together. Izaya didn't dart around questions to be just plain stubborn *or* ridiculous. He probably subconsciously did it for his own sense of security and out of habit, as well. He'd been always surrounded by people, but alone at the same time, all those years. Even though he said he loved humans, he was afraid of them. He needed what little bit of control he had, because that sense of control was nearly all he had to keep himself sane and reassure himself that *he* was the one choosing to make everything in his life hell instead of letting *'life'* be far crueler to him in another way.

It was so frustrating to him to think about it all; He'd been one of Izaya's only *true* friends, yet he was only just feeling and seeing this *now.* Without thinking, and despite Izaya's lack of fondness to physical contact, he felt tears clinging to his eyelashes, and he pulled his friend into a tight and comforting embrace, something he was now certain he should have done long before that moment, day, month *and* year. "Sorry, Orihara-kun... I'm so sorry that you couldn't trust me back then, but thank you so much letting me in as much as you have... It means so much more to me than you'd ever know. I'm so glad you're still here and that I was able to save you... I-Izaya, please..., don't you dare *ever* leave us... If you did, I swear that I would... I would-"

Izaya was extremely tense at first, considering he rarely ever received hugs from *anyone*, but soon, for the first time ever, he'd found himself both physically and psychologically returning an embrace. "Shinra..."

"Did that actually sound right...?"

He pushed Shinra back enough to meet the doctor's tear-filled eyes. "I'm not sure I fully understand what's going on, nor what you're... so worried about me dying for..., but... I can see that you do know me well, and that you... really don't want to lose me, so I'm going to thank you for being my friend, if that's okay with you..."

"Mn-" Shinra seemed like he wanted to say something something, but Izaya's 'smile' cut him off.

"Domou arigatou, Shinra..."

The tears in Shinra's eyes finally spilled over, and he hugged him again, this time tighter and without spoken words. However, both of them seem to know what Shinra was trying to say. *'I promise I'll always be your friend, no matter what this time. I swear it.'*

~ End of Chapter

A/N: Holy tomato, my back hurts right now, and I mean HURTS, but at least I got another chapter of this up, ne~? I hope you got something out of this, and once again, the story title is still up for debate. Also, I really do need some ideas on how some of the other characters like Mikado-senpai, Dota-chin, Celty and anyone else could reach out to help Izaya regain his memories and in the process, possible become friends with him(?). I really think eventually developing Namie into a big-sister-like-figure to Izaya might would be kinda interesting to try out too. Won't you guys please give me your opinions and ideas? Every single little idea helps more tan you know.

Ja ne~! =w=

Chapter 4

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara! /DRRR!

Author's note: I tried to get something in, but it was a tiny bit hard. While nothing much will happen with Izaya right at first (Shinra is still uncertain what to do, and Izaya really doesn't extremely care one way or the other, right now...), other things go down. However, he won't be bedridden* too *long~ ;P

"Have you heard? There's a rumor going around that the other day, that Heiwajima guy ripped a freakin' gas tank from a big mac and it seriously backfired...! They say he got badly burnt and ended up in the hospital."

"Hahah... You mean Heiwajima Shizuo? Isn't he a debt collector or something...?"

"Yeah, I think so, but he goes around and throws vending machines or nearly anything at anybody he doesn't like. That's what I've heard, anyway. He just has a serious anger management problem, and... well it's almost like his mind *ignores* his body, and physical pain."

"Have you ever got to talk to him in person? I wonder if he's actually even human..."

"Of course he's a human...! Someone said his body just never had the chance to build muscle, 'cause he was always pushing himself, getting into fights and lifting a lot of shit and stuff."

"You sure seem to know a lot about him, Nakoto-san. Are you sure you're not friends with him or something?"

"No...! How could I be *ever* friends with a monster or freak like *him*...?!"

"Hey, you know, there *is* this one guy that's always pissing him off, and he's the only one that's ever really been able really to dodge him, and he's even managed to slice him a couple of time with a single pocket knife. He's really skilled, and he doesn't seem to be afraid of him at all, but they both really hate each other... I can't quite remember his name, though... I-"

"You mean that info-dealer guy? I think he goes by Orihara Izaya... Word is... he has a lot of dealings with some Yazuka..."

"Oh, yeah, that's him... A lot of people don't like or trust that guy, though, because he's constantly playing on others people's emotions. He's just a sick twisted asshole, if you ask me. I wonder why Heiwajima-san hasn't just finished him off already..."

"Come to think of it, I actually haven't seen the info-dealer guy around, though, for what feels like ages... I wonder where he is?"

"Maybe he's dead..."

"Tch... I *wish*... It'd be nice if he *were*, but I doubt it..."

Mikado had been sitting at his desk in his homeroom, listening to the teacher talking, when he suddenly overheard some classmates whispering among themselves, before the topic of Shizuo and Izaya was suddenly brought up.

From the first rude comment, he had wanted to say something to defend both of them; he really did. They didn't know Izaya *nor* Shizuo *personally*, did they? How could they even talk about them like that? Sure, Izaya *was* sort of sketchy, but... he couldn't have been *that* bad of a guy, could he?

Plus, Shizuo wasn't really that terrible from what he'd seen or heard, either... He knew enough to know that both of them *could* be really nice people down deep, he was almost sure of it. According to Celty, Shizuo didn't like actually like violence, yet, he would end up destroying things and badly hurting people all because his anger consumed him, but he really did regret it afterward, and had even apologized before, hadn't he?

While, in truth, he *didn't* know for *sure*, it didn't stop him from wanting to say *something*, but he just didn't know *what*...

"Excuse me, you four? Do you have a problem?" Mikado jumped at the teacher's voice, having forgotten that he was suppose to be listening to the review. Aw, man! They were suppose to be taking a test on it in a little while, yet he'd missed nearly the first half of the lesson!

Oh well... At least he'd studied *some* of it over the past week. Knowing some of it was better than knowing none of it, he sighed in relief. However, he still *was* a bit upset that he'd been able to get distracted so easily.

He gazed back down at his desk, lying his cheek in his left palm, once again ruminating.

'I wonder where Izaya-san could be at... *It* has *been around three or four weeks since he was last seen in Ikebukuro or Shinjuku... Maybe Celty-san would know something...? Hm, maybe I could ask her later... but there's also Simon-san, from Russia Sushi... He seems to know Shizuo-san and Masaomi quite well... Maybe he knows Izaya-san, too...? Hmm...'* He was unsure if it was something he was curious enough to really want to find out about or not, or if maybe he was actually worried a bit... but why would he be?

That's when he recalled Izaya's phone call from a little ways back. Was it possible that Izaya could have, in his own way, actually wanted to be his *friend...?* He *had* referred to him as an ally, and pretty much offered to be there to help aid him in his plans(whatever they may be) for the dollars, and also said he'd help support him all the way. So... could there have been an underlying request to be friends in that conversation? In truth, he actually wouldn't have minded being able to become friends with Izaya. Even if he couldn't be there for him regarding his jobs and stuff, he did sort of want to be a friend to Izaya, as terrible as it may have sounded to someone who didn't like the guy. So, if that was so, it was only natural to at least want to know he was okay, wasn't it?

Yeah, he realized. He'd talk to Shinra when he got a chance. He *had* to... He recalled that he had been friends with Izaya for a long time; since middle school, wasn't it? He'd have to know something, he was sure of it.

...

"...How are you feeling? Is your headache gone yet?" Izaya winced as an intense pain sparked through the corner of his forehead at hearing Shinra's voice, even though it was obvious he was trying to be as quiet as possible. Man, he really hated have splitting headaches like this one. He'd been having this one all day. He used to get them a lot due to hearing his father's yelling - which had really managed to effect him at times, especially when he'd started doing it solely when they were alone. The bastard would take all of his anger and problems out on him because he was too 'weak' to stand up for himself; simply put, he had just been a punching bag in his eyes.

Man, he really need to stop thinking negatively like this. Thinking about *that* was seriously stressing him, and was only managing to make his head hurt worse.

"I'll take that as a 'no'... Sorry." Shinra half-whispered, before Izaya could've spoke.

"If you want me to get you some medicine for it, I can. Please, feel free to let me know if you do, okay?" he told him with a small smile, sitting at the desk in the dimly lit room.

Izaya was quiet for a long time, debating whether or not he should take the doctor up on his offer. He'd never been extremely fond of swallowing pills and medicine in general, but right now, he couldn't think straight at all and his head was quite frankly in too much pain to even try. He really didn't want to rely on medicine for this, as people just stereotyped it too much, so he preferred to avoid all that if he could, beside of...'other reasons'. Still, he *did* want to get rid of this agonizing migraine as soon as possible, no matter *what it was* he would have to take to do so.

"Fine...," he eventually(reluctantly) gave in. "I'll take the medicine, but it's not as though I really want to, you should know. To be honest with myself, it feels like I've been stabbed in the head..."

"Alright... I will warn you, though. It may make you fairly drowsy..." Shinra said softly, as he got up.

"'s fine... I need to sleep, anyway..." Izaya mumbled beneath his breath in reply. Who even cared about a little bit of drowsiness, in comparison to some agonizing headache, anyway?

"Ah, that's understandable... I'll go get you glass of water, okay? I'll be right back." he said, stepping out of the room for a few minutes, which to *Izaya*, felt more like a few *hours*. What would a few hours feel like then...? Actually, he didn't think he would even *want* to know.

"I'm back. Here they are, but you'll have to set up to take them." Shinra held out the glass of water.

"Yeah, I know..." Izaya slowly, but surely, sat up on the uncomfortable stretcher, barely and spitefully holding back a shout of agony when the worst sharp pain yet shot into an area near his eye, and he immediately wanted to lay back down and tightly tie something around his head to hold down some of the pressure. Well, maybe it *did* sound stupid, but honestly, he didn't even care what someone else might think about it, because it *did* help hold back some of the pain at times, and if he could hold back at least *some* of it, it most assuredly was better than feeling it at its worst, he supposed. Still, who *would* even care about something like that, anyway, though?

Pathetic school bullies, who knew nothing at all; that's who...

He took the little cup, which held two little white tablets, and threw them to the back of his mouth with force, quickly swallowing them down with a sip of water. He was a bit surprised that he wasn't any thirstier than what he was, but he vaguely recalled that Shinra had also been giving him some fluids through an IV, so it did make *some* sense, he supposed.

As he lied back down onto the pillow behind him, Izaya dropped the small cup into the larger drinking cup, handing it over to Shinra.

"...Thanks." he said, coughing a bit on the water. *Man*, his head hurt. If only pain didn't exist...

"Hey, Izaya..., later, if you feel up to it, why don't you take a shower...? You were passed out for several weeks, before you woke up a few days ago. It might actually feel good to wash up in some hot water after lying in a stretcher like that for so long."

"Yeah, I probably will do that...later..." at first, his stomach was a little queasy, but after a short while, he'd managed to relax. Thankfully, it didn't take long at all for the medicine to start helping, and he was soon able to fall into a heavy, peaceful, dreamworld without even trying.

...

"He's still not answering his phone?", Shiki was quickly getting irritated. Not a single person had been able to contact Izaya, and he hadn't been picking up his phone at all. He had business he had to take care of, but he couldn't proceed in doing so, without getting some *answers*. *Curse it*...

"Does anybody know where that damned info-dealer could possibly be at?!" he demanded, startling a few of the men around him. He wasn't known to raise his voice often, unless he was under a lot of pressure, like at the current moment.

"...Do you think that that Yagiri Seitarou's niece would know something? Her name is...um... Namie-san, I think. I heard she's been working as some sort of secretary for Orihara-san..."

Shiki glanced at him for a second, before looking down, his nose wrinkling up in distaste at the thought of that woman. It would make sense, after all. He preferred not to talk to her, if he had had a choice in the matter, but, unfortunately, she might be one of the only people who even knew *anything* about the whereabouts of Orihara Izaya.

"You may be right..." he mused, before looking back up at the guys.

'It would *make sense, wouldn't it...?'*

"It's fine if all of you leave for right now, but I'd highly suggest coming back in a couple of hours on the dot. Do I make myself clear?" Shiki met their intimidated gazes, as they slightly nodded.

"Not to pry or anything, but...um what are you going to do, Shika-san?" one of the men wanted to know.

"I'm just going to making a little 'call' to Yagiri-san. Is that all you wanted to know?" He eyed him in question.

The man nodded again, and, with that, they each briefly bowed in unison, before leaving him to himself.

"Now then..." he sighed.

~ End of Chapter

Chapter 5

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 5

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

I was having some trouble thinking of how to start some of these chapters. I didn't want to rush things, and randomly starting it off with someone like Anri or Shinra again just didn't really feel right for this, so I just went with Namie. ^~^

(You all ought to view some of the info on Tvtropes dot org. It's my new favorite site for anime info now! :3

By the way has anyone read the (technical)(not really)(friendship development sorta-thingy) 'Shizuo x Izaya' doujinshi, Nemesis? It's amazingly pieced together. I read it not too long ago and absolutely loved it and almost cried because of the whole 'I'm human too' concept. You guys totally ought to read it, if you haven't. Plus, looking for a completely free way to take a Japanese course? Download or look at Memrise. It's awesome, and just as good as Duolingo for many languages)

Note: Izaya he's just about as 'good' as some of the others in different ways, I guess I should say, so I want to bring out the issues in the context of this story that caused him in the long run to become the way he did. While I don't like to say that he's a completely 100% good guy(there were a few times he really managed to upset me[even though it IS just brutal honesty from his own perspective], such as that one time with the way he acted towards Masaomi after those thugs broke Saki's leg/ankle), I can't stand it when people constantly bash him. He has no friends, other than Shinra and Kadota. Nobody really even tried to give him a chance. So even if it isn't canon, I want him to be able to be accepted as a normal human, and for him to also accept his own humanity[please don't judge me! T~T)

To be in love with the whole human race. How wonderful would that be?

Wrapping me up tenderly in your love is fine.

Scolding me and hurting me violently with your love is fine, too.

Ignoring my very existence with your love is also fine.

Love has no shape or form? You think so? Really?

Of course love has shape and form. It just changes from time to time.

A Resturaunt in Ikebukuro, Toshima-ku, Tokyo

"Namie-san, have you seen Iza-nii around lately...? Aren't you still working for him as a secretary or something? I haven't seen him for a while, so I'm sort of curious as to if he's okay or not..." Namie looked up at Kururi, a bit taken aback by the girl's sudden question. She *did* care for her brother, then...? It had never really seemed like it, with how the twins (especially Mairu) had even seemed to favor *Heiwajima's* brother over their own, but still...

"I'm curious. What do you twins think of him?", she studied her in question.

"About him...? I'm not fully sure I know what you're asking." Kururi inquired, tilting her head slightly.

"Like, do you care about him? He *is* your brother, after all..." Namie reworded in understanding as to her confusion.

Kururi stared at her in deep thought, realizing what she was asking. She gazed away for a moment.

"Yeah," she fidgeted. "we love Izaya-nii, but he he's really detached himself from people. Both my sister and I actually do care a lot for him, even though we probably don't show it enough. We just really wish he would open up to us more, and not push us away in the manner that he does."

Kururi paused for a second, seemingly a bit hesitant to continue. Namie just decided to wait until she decided she was ready.

"You see... I probably shouldn't tell you this, but... our father used to be really abusive around him and our mother... We don't really remember very much of it, but our mother was constantly protecting all of us from him...

Iza-nii has never trusted or asked many people for help, and he always pushed people away by almost literally turning them against him, but it's sort of a defense mechanism of his, I think. Plus..., I also believe Iza-nii may have went through a lot more of it than any of us..., but I can't prove it or anything..."

Namie was almost (in her own way) mortified, or rather... *disgusted*. If there was one thing she hated almost as much as the people who had dared caused problems for Seiji, it was child abuse. The idea of it was absolutely revolting to her. It wasn't as if she'd ever liked Izaya, but down deep, she'd always sort of wondered to some degree why he was the way he was, and now that she knew a lot of the details, especially considering he was a child at the time, she truthfully wanted to demand who had dared to put three once innocent children who should've been able to live normal lives and enjoy life like normal children, through a hell like that. Their mother...was *she*...?

"Excuse me, Kururi, was your father by chance ever reported for what he was doing? May I ask...where your mother is?"

"...I'm not sure about either of those answers, to be honest... Only Iza-nii would know...They sort of left us under his care, at least three or four years ago... They received jobs as business

men, and are just traveling around the world as such... But... I don't really like them... It's sort of hard for any of us to talk about it... Sorry..."

"...That negligent bastard. He didn't even take responsibility, nor did he give a damn..." she muttered to herself, momentarily forgetting that Izaya's sister was sitting there.

"Um, Namie-san? Are you okay? We're alright now, you know." Kururi reassured her, with a kind expression.

"Oh, you're right... I must apologize for that..." Namie looked away, before she reached into a bag of hers which she rarely ever happened to carry around. "but actually..., there is something I should probably give you. If you really do care for your brother as much as you say, I believe that you should be the one to hold onto it. Your sister may care a lot, but she doesn't seem to be the best person for holding secrets. Honestly, you'd do better to wait until you're ready for someone as rambunctious as her to know... And your brother; he is alive, if you were wondering..."

She pulled out a white envelope, handing it to Kururi. "Take it. It's Izaya's, not that I've read it myself... He's been staying with Kishitani Shinra, the doctor, as of lately, after an... accident, of sorts."

Well, leaving her jacket there *was* an accident... Still, why couldn't she just say that he'd been staying there 'after a failed attempt at suicide'? Was it because she felt it was better the girl find out on her own? Or maybe...that it in itself just didn't seem to settle right with her. Maybe a bit of both even? Still... It wasn't as though it really mattered to her, was it?

So why did she find herself reaching out and hugging Kururi when tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she read over the letter.

And why did she say "I'm sorry..."?

Again, it really made no sense to her, but for once, she decided to just go with it, instead of questioning these newly discovered emotions of sorts, and possibly discard them later if need be.

...

"Say... Shinra, I'm going out for a little while. Are you going to be okay?" Izaya announced grabbing a long jacket(a really nice one too; he loved the fur design for some reason) which was in a pile of stuff that Shinra had told him was his.

"Eh? Are you sure you want to? It could be dangerous." Shinra questioned, a bit surprised, as he met his gaze suddenly.

"Yea, I'm sure. This cramped space is a bit torturing in itself.., but...seeing as I don't think I have anywhere else to go right now..., is it okay if I stay here for a little while until I have somewhere to live. In the meantime, I also want to at least try regain at least some of my memories, if they ever do happen come back, of course... I'll find something to do for you, if

you want..." Izaya asked, looking away, slightly sheepishly. Shinra could easily tell his friend was still questioning their relationship, and he actually didn't blame him.

"Don't worry about it. Take as much time as you need. I already told you; we're friends, so please, trust me when I say you don't owe me anything for this. Go on, and get some fresh air or something, but, even so, you really are extremely slim... This is all I ask. For me, at least try to eat a little bit more once in a while, okay? I guess you could say it really worries me."

Izaya was silent for a moment standing at the door, before glancing over his shoulder and giving a small and odd smirk, which almost seemed out of place on him. "Ah... *Arigatou*..."

With that he left the apartment.

And it wasn't until five minutes had passed, after Izaya was gone, that Shinra cursed, when it dawned on him all the bad things that could come of letting Izaya walk around on his own in Ikebukuro, or Shinjuku. Not only did Izaya have dealings with the Awakusu-kai, and many other gangs, there was also... *oh, crap*, Shizuo. Surely the guy probably wouldn't even *begin* to notice something was wrong until it was already too late, and Izaya was nearly traumatized. He had to do something. Think, think, think! *Crap!*

In realization, he hastily picked up his cell phone and dialed Celty's number.

"Celty, I'm really sorry to ask this of you, but I've done something really stupid. Izaya could be in serious danger right now, so it would be a huge help if you'd be willing to find and watch over him from a distance, until I have the chance to meet up with him. Shizuo-kun-he- I'm worried something irreversible could happen if those two met up alone right now. Please, Celty?"

How had he forgotten about all the stuff Izaya had involved himself in, even temporarily? God, he was so stupid, wasn't he...? Thank the heavens he at least had Celty there to help him...

It wasn't like he was using her or anything..., because he would do exactly the same for her, if it was him and he was able to... He just loved her that much...

~ *End of Chapter...*

Chapter 6

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 6

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

A/N: Please note, I just read volume 9 of the Durarara! Light Novels, and I also been doing some research on some of the characters and such, and have fallen for Izaya even more! Gawd, my feels are hurting and breaking bad right now. T^T

With that said, I plan to very slightly tweak this story a bit by reediting it to fit this story a little more along with the confirmed details of his past, so I can kind of account for why he is the way he is. While yes, the abuse won't be taken lightly, the truth is the Orihara Parents were probably just more negligent to their children than anything else, seeing as Izaya seems to see them as being the same as his humans. In the light novels, he said something to the degree of, "I see all humans as my friends family and lovers."

Beside of that he's also said something like "It's not that I can't love, but I just choose not to." I'm not planning to make this a love story or anything, but I do want to set Izaya on a path that he'll at least have the to chance to be able to bond with people. I want at least some of the characters to see why he acts the way he does at times.

One other thing- I know now after reading Volume 9, as well as some of the manga, I realize that Izaya probably wouldn't ever want to go through with suicide, because he's an atheist(later switching to an agnostic point of view), and he was and is nearly terrified(in his own way) of no longer being able to exist. "I wouldn't care if I went to hell as long as I could exist, but personally I'd prefer heaven if I could choose..."

He values his life, but he also values his only friendship with Shinra who accepted him regardless. In fact, he punched a telephone pole realizing he would've been betraying his only friend if Celty's conscious had actually reacted in a bad way to the head. Not 'friend' by Izaya's standard, but a 'friend' as defined by most normal thinking humans. It was quoted that his thoughts were, 'He'll probably be mad at me if he finds out I went to meet Celty while taking the head with me... There's nothing to be afraid of. This is the way I've lived my life all along.'

I actually think he guilty about it, but it was also sickening to him, along with other emotions in mind.

I was reading something a while back in which some of the characters who had relations with Izaya were asked various questions. Kadota's words were something to like, 'if you want him to show you love, you have to show him love first'. Shinra never gave up on him, is the thing. That's the key factor to getting through to Izaya.

So in retrospect, if Izaya did manage to make true friends, I think in his own way he would show them that he appreciated them being so.

Any who, does it look like I've been doing my anime/manga homework? See, I'm not just delaying to write for my precious humans~ ^-^

Anywhoooo, onto le story~!

Walking through the streets of Ikebukuro, Izaya couldn't help but feel like everything around him was nearly foreign to him, yet so...close... He didn't recognize some of the buildings there, but at the same time... they didn't really seem out of place to him. However, there was an odd and somewhat... *unsettling* feeling he couldn't shake that he was being watched by someone or something the had kept popping in out of his view every so often.

He could barely breath... It was almost even as if he was about to start hyperventilating or having a panic attack any minute now. Even through the relatively decent atmosphere of the place, the vibes of danger and tension he was getting was almost... intriguing yet sort of irritating to him at the same time. How, he didn't know.

And that's when a loud, rather annoying and stomach turning voice shouted his name. He'd probably never heard it before, but it put immediate distaste in his mouth all the same, as if he'd heard it over and over and over again. "IZAAAAYA!"

He stopped, about to turn around, when a tight and strong hand grabbed his shoulder with a nearly monstrous grip. He was already pissed off by this person, regardless of whoever or *whatever* they may be. Quite frankly, it immediately reminded him of a similar scenario with his dad who at points (especially when he was drunk) had resulted to extreme violence over something so stupid, the man's temper almost cliche. If that bastard of a father hadn't actually hurt him and his sisters, he might've been able to laugh at his little 'joke'. However, that bastard *had*. He tensed up in response to the others touch unable to move his arm for the worry of it breaking. Then again, why was he even really that worried? Honestly, he didn't really know, but he was still agitated that he didn't know.

"May I *help* you...?", he growled beneath his breath, wanting to get away from this situation, but refusing to be 'nice' at the same time, considering how 'nice' that thing had been to him, once again, *whatever* or *whoever* it was. He simply refused to show that he was actually afraid of person behind him.

"I thought I told you to stay out of Ikebukuro...," *it* said in a deep agitated voice. "so why the hell are even you here...?!"

Suddenly managing the courage to glare over his shoulder at the person standing there, who had obviously blonde-dyed hair, and was dressed sort of like a... bartender? The man's eyebrows were furrowed into an angry expression. His eyes, however, were unreadable for some odd reason, beneath his purple shades. Izaya grew flustered all the more at this. Who in their right mind in the midst of public would storm up to *anyone*, when they weren't even doing anything to harm anyone, and tell them they weren't allowed to be there. He didn't own Ikebukuro, he was sure of that much.

Then again... had he possibly had some kind of bad reputation here or something?

And he hadn't even thought to ask that doctor Shinra what he'd been doing these past fifteen or so years...

"Tell me this, should I even know you? What makes you so sure that I would even listen to you?", he asked, softening his glare ever so slightly in uncertainty.

"Surely, you have no authority over where I can go, do you? I haven't hurt anybody, have I? Are you some sort of shop keeper around here or something? You act like you have a grudge against me, when I don't even know you."

The raven finished speaking, as he studied the fake blonde haired man's irritated all the same, but now confused, expression.

"What the hell are you blabbering about, you fucking fleabag! You should know what I have against you! You *do!* You're just talking in riddled and not making any sense at all and it's pissing me off!" The latter shouted, holding an arm back as he prepared to him in the face. Izaya reflexively shut his eyes for a moment, expecting to be punched moments later.

That's when he heard what sounded like a..horse.

Whenever he looked, people were either running away or staring. Someone in an oddly *pure* black outfit from neck to toe at least and a strange almost-cat-ear-like helmet was standing there. A sudden wave of deja vu settled over him.

"Headless... rider...?", the words slipped from his mouth just like that. He didn't know where they'd came from, but they were there. He was sure he'd seen these people before, and had been through the same exact situation before, or at least something very similar.

"C-Celty? What's going on...?" the man asked.

The figure revealed what appeared to be a PDA, quickly typing something into it to show it to him.

The man's expression began to waver between several different emotions. "...Amnesia...? Are you serious? You're kidding, right? Just why should I believe that, whenever I can just kill him either way, right *now?"*

Another message.

"...Fine. Just keep him away from me. In truth, I'd prefer not to spill somebody's blood if I can help it, even if that person just so happens to be *him*." Brown eyes met crimson eyes with an uncertain glare, before reluctantly letting him go and turning around.

"He's still Orihara Izaya, therefore I still don't trust that guy, but I ain't gonna go and hit a child... See ya, Celty." he waved, without looking back, as he walked off.

Izaya was about to say something, but a message was put in front of him to read.

[Are you okay? Are you hurt or anything?]

He shook his head. "No, I'm fine, but if I may ask... Who exactly are you...?"

He or she was unresponsive for a moment, probably considering his or her answer. That's when he realized it was definitely a female. Not that he particularly cared about the matter...

[...I'm a friend of Shinra's. He's planning to come here shortly, because he needs to talk to you.]

Izaya was quiet for a moment in realization, before giving a small smirk of acknowledgment.

"Oh, I see... It goes hand-in-hand then, because I need to talk to him the same."

There was no telling what she was she was thinking, but in truth he couldn't really get what exactly he, himself, was feeling, either. What was he anticipating exactly? Why was he so anxious? He didn't know.

Neither one of them said anything, and it actually wasn't that unbearable, because it was only a short while before said 'friend' did finally arrive.

There were a lot of things that both of them were going to have to talk about, but, annoyingly, the only question was, where were they even suppose to begin... What all did Shinra know about him? How much did *he* even *want* to know about himself...?

This was gonna be a hell of a conversation, *wasn't* it...?

~ End of Chapter

Chapter 7

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 7

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

Guess who's back with another update~? ^w^

Please note - I don't want to write Izaya as weak or some sort of unassertive wuss, as he will and does have a strong character, but even the strongest of characters sometimes when left to themselves can do and think some frustrating and 'crazy' shit. Especially Izaya. Well, anyway, about Shizuo, I most certainly see him having a huge soft spot for children, no matter really who they are, if Shizuo eventually has the chance to get to actually get to know the guy he thought he hated, he'll know that Izaya is in truth a trolling bad ass, but a lonely and sorta messed up child/teen down deep, and he won't be able to bring himself /to/ truly hurt Izaya anymore, even after/if he does regain his memories, because he'll it was one of his only defense mechanism up until then to deal with the anxiety and crap going through his head. Shizuo, being Shizuo, would probably decided something to the lines of, "Since you never really had many constant positive influences in your life, and people just kept coming and going, I'll be one of the ones that will stay, and I swear I'll find a way to fix you, and be the older brother, and even caring parent, figure that you never had. I'll make sure that you let know you it's okay to f*ing cry, once in a while! And I'll have to scold you when or if you start screwin' with people again! By god, I swear I'll be here to you just listen to you* and *your sisters, and give you that happiness that was completely stolen from you up until now. And if nobody else will do it, then I'll just do it, myself!" Or... something like that... = - =

Not sure how I'm going to make all of this work, but I definitely will find a way too, and I hope you'll all stick through with me to the end~?

"So... Where should I begin...?" Shinra mused, placing a hand on his forehead to think of what to really say.

"Where, indeed..." Izaya found himself oddly almost frustratingly smirking, still not having forgotten the guy who'd nearly tried to kill him, and would have, moments before, but he couldn't tell why he was laughing at that. His shoulders were trembling, as he felt like his mind was beginning to go in several different directions, and his thoughts seemed to be running together badly.

"I have an idea! Um, Celty, I'd be really happy if you could stay with us today, but... if you're working, I understand..." Shinra turned to the black rider. His voice sounded kind, *so* loving in an odd way, but then he was suddenly getting annoyed and frustrated by it; this nostalgic feeling that he couldn't seem to place. It irked him. *Everything* was frustrating and irritating him. He felt like every person around him was watching him, staring right through his very being.

It was because they all knew something that he didn't, that it was really maddening him. Despite how little significance it had, he hated this lack of control. He loathed this lack of knowledge from his part. They all knew more than he did. Even if Shinra told him about his past up to now, it did mean he would necessarily remember the various events as they were. And as such, even so, he was going to be judged for all of it, and that did worry him in someway or another, but it wasn't like he was going to say he didn't deserve it. However, even if he accepted that he did, his heart still insisted on sinking into turmoil and chaos at the thought.

But why was this alone affecting him so badly? He normally wouldn't have gotten nearly this worked up over some situation like this, but he was near certain he was close to panic attack, and forced himself out of it. *"Calm down, calm down, calm down. He'll think I'm crazy. Calm down, calm down..."*

"Hey, Izaya, why don't we go to Russia Sushi?" Shinra said, touching his shoulder, as he was pulled out of his thoughts, and right then previous feelings weren't as unbearable anymore, not that *weren't* there.

Looking up, he wondered what had just happened. Had he just nearly blanked out? *"The woman is gone now... Did she leave? I can't remember... Why is anxiety tearing me up so badly like this...?"*

"Huh?" he looked up at the man, remembering at least some of what had just happened, but still trying to calm down.

"I asked if you wanted to get some Sushi? I feel like we can talk easier around Simon-san than some of the other restaurant owners and workers in town." Shinra explained.

"Oh, sure." Izaya didn't really who this 'Saimon' was, but decided to just go along with it as if he did. After all, it didn't really matter much to him, (and quite frankly it was more comforting) as long as he was able to continue observing the humans and things around him, as well as... this doctor. There was something almost odder than odd to him *about* Shinra, but he just couldn't quite place what it was, and he would almost say it annoyed him in someway. Was it annoying to him, just because he didn't know why it did...? No..., that surely wasn't it...

But..., if not..., what *was* it, then...?

"Here we are." Shinra said, as they approached a small corner building with a banner which said 'Russia Sushi'.

A large black guy was there, asking -*telling* anyone and *everyone* to come in for sushi, and vowing it wouldn't kill them. Momentarily studying the fairly intimidating expression on the guy's face without him even trying to make one, Izaya's immediately begged to differ with them. Most of the people around them seemed to be being ran off and greatly frightened by him. He did have a towering presence, but was he really that strong?

Actually, maybe he didn't want to know...

"Kishitani-kun, Izaya-kun! Why no see such long time? You have sushi today, yes?" the man greeted them in a deep tuned voice, with a straight face.

"Ah, Simon-san! Sure, we'll have some, But there's something I was wanting to talk to you about." Shinra explained.

"I see, I see," Simon nodded, in acknowledgement. "you not have to wait around like lost puppy. Come in, come in, or you freeze out in cold!"

"It's not *that* cold, Simon-san, but-" Shinra paused for a moment, as he gazed over to Izaya, who appeared to be lost in thought. "...Izaya-kun? Are you feeling alright?"

"Shinra? Sorry, I was just thinking about something for a second there. I'm fine. Let's just go on in..."

"...Did you... remember something?" Shinra wanted to know, studying him with slightly worried but odd expression of curiosity.

"...No. It's nothing at all~ Just... ignore me, will you~?" Izaya 'teased' reassuringly, trademark smirk and all. Shinra immediately wanted to punch Izaya for doing that to both of them, especially himself. He could tell it was hurting Izaya, more than anyone else to keep smiling like that, even though his 'mask' just needed a serious rest for once, and to prove that, Izaya's expression was even growing slightly shaky, not that the raven would even know how to submit into admitting that it was true... How the hell long had he even been that to himself, the doctor wondered to himself. It was practically psychological masochism!

"...Hum... If you say so, come on, then!" No, Shinra definitely wasn't convinced; that much was obvious in his expression, but the doctor apparently had decided he would deal with finding out and asking what was 'bothering' his friend later, unless the question just so happened to be answered by Izaya in their coming conversation.

"Yeah, yeah. I hear you..." Izaya sighed, rolling his eyes a bit before he threw on another small smirk, despite the many anxious, depressing, and annoying feelings lingering in his eyes, as he followed behind.

Entering the restaurant, however, he couldn't help but feel sick. The smell of the seafood, and meats, and far too many calories to count loomed in the air.

"Oh, Kyouhei-kun~, and...Ryuugamine-kun...?" he heard Shinra say after a moment. Out of natural curiosity, he looked over to see the figures that the brunette was talking to.

"K-Kishitani-san?! And... Izaya-san is with you, too?"

"Is something special going on? You haven't been seen walk around together for ages, Kishitani-san... Not that it's my business or anything, but... it's been a while sense you've been seen in Ikebukuro, if you ask me..." a bigger boned man wearing teal collar jacket and a beanie hat which covered down to his eyebrows where they furrowed, as he briefly studied the raven's expression, obviously slightly suspicious of him.

"Of course, I-" Izaya begin to speak, a bit irritated, however, when he was cut off by Shinra beside him.

"U-um, well, you see, Kyouhei-san, he's-uh...um... It's like this; I-Izaya-kun has kind of lost at least the last ten years of his memory... Um... I..." Shinra seemed to looked away when their attention had turned away from, an almost sad expression on his face which Izaya glanced over at him to briefly notice it. A look of...guilt? Or was it frustration? He couldn't fully tell in the rush moments of time he had had to do so.

"E-eh...? Lost his memory?" a boy, probably not much older than your typical freshman, stood there with an baffled and nervous expression, seeming hesitant and uncertain of what to say after that. Odd curious and equally anxious crimson-brown eyes met the other boy's wavering curious grayish-blue ones.

"Hey! Shinra! Do you want the normal three-five-eight marinaded sand fish?" The manager inquired from up front.

"Yeah, sure! And... can I also get a bag to go of ootoro with that as well?" Shinra called back.

"Yeah."

"Ahem... Orihara-san..., so then... you have amnesia?" Kadota looked over at Izaya, not seeming to be surprised per se, but at the same time, he did hold a slight look of disbelief in his eyes. Being Izaya, of all people, there weren't very many guaranteed ways to just look him in the eye and tell if he was acting or not, but the difference was..., usually you could see several mixed and even contradictory, emotions in that guy's eyes. Because of that, you could never really fully tell *what* he was thinking. However, when he looked at him now.. he just *knew*.

Izaya shrugged and sighed, a bit irritated about suddenly being interrogated, like he actually even *knew* what was going on. "Look... I really *don't* know, but that is what *Shinra-kun* is saying, ne? And I for certain don't remember much of anything since 1999..."

"I see..." Kadota sighed, still however a bit bewildered by it all, before turning back to said doctor, suddenly wanting to get that yeah number out of his mind even though he'd just heard it moments ago. Something about it was just nerve wrecking, was all...

"So, what are you planning to do, Kishitani-san...? Come to think of it, you two *were* pretty good friends..."

Shinra and Kadota continued talking among themselves, when Izaya turned his attention to and noticed the sudden nervous look in the younger boy's eyes as if he had wanted to say something.

"U-um-"

"...Are you... Ryuugamine-kun, right? Or am I wrong?" Izaya questioned, meeting his eyes once more, before the younger one could've said anything. He was hoping he'd caught the right surname moments ago when entering.

"Ah...? Oh-I-yeah, I am..., but... you can just call me Mikado, if you want..." the other scratched his cheek sheepishly in response, slightly averting his gaze. "I was wondering if..., maybe, you wanted to be friends...? I-"

"I'm...sorry, but I have to decline your offer...," Izaya spoke, suddenly startling him. "because, as it is... I don't really know who I am, and... you're liable to get seriously hurt if you try getting close to me as it is, you should know, and...I don't really want that on my personal record... I hope you can try to understand what I'm saying, Ryuugamine-kun..." Izaya gazed away, not fully sure how to describe or handle what exactly he was even feeling right now, but was somehow disappointed when Mikado didn't say anything else, until-

"N-no, it's fine...!" the boy insisted, fidgeting a bit more, but not nearly as nervous as before. "Well, you see..., I *do* want to be able to become at least somewhat of a friend to the current Izaya, but... only if he really *wants* me to, so while maybe, as you are, you don't want to accept me as one, or get me involved in your troubles, or stuff like that..., just always remember, Izaya-san, I'll always try my best to be here if you need someone to talk to or just listen to you... Sorry if I end up not being that great at it, though..."

"Hah... You know... I may eventually take that into consideration..." After a momentary silence in which both Kadota and Shinra were looking at him, Izaya turned his head, to give a small but odd and unreadable smirk.

"...Arigatou."

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What do you think, guys? Likey? Dislikey? Let me know, ne~? ^-^

Chapter 8

Story: Hope of Morning , Chapter 8
Disclaimer: As always I don't own Durarara!/DRRR! (What's the point of the disclaimer, anyway? I mean... I don't think these stories would even be on this site, if it wasn't fanfiction, would it, or am I somehow wrong...? = - = ^w^

Warnings: Talk of physical abuse. Anxiety, panic attacks(from my own experience) 'Minor' detailing of past self-harming. Major attempt at bonding. Backstory(um... is that a warning...?), and possible minor spoilers for some of canon Izaya's past, and some minor(language), as well as some very brief mentions of views on the afterlife, you may or may not agree with.

Also, keep in mind that in this story there aren't going to be any real non-canon pairings (as nice and lovely and beautiful as Izuo and Shizaya and many others are at times to me ^~^), but I have tendency to like 'innocent misunderstandings', especially in in-character fanfictions and writing, so... um you might wanna bear that in mind, ne~? ^-^

I feel like this something about this chapter isn't that great, but I swear I did try!

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Replies to Reviews for Chapter 7 -

inlovewithshizaya: Well, I hope I did a good job writing this one, but I'm glad you've enjoyed it so far~! ^^

Guest 2: Our Shizu-chan really is nice isn't he~? ^^ As long as you don't anger him of course. Well after writing this one, Namie or our dear Shiki-san, or at least one of them, seems to be up to something, ne~? Well, only time will tell, am I right~? ;)

pocket-cheese: This might explain some of Izaya's own personal theories for it, but there will be other details of it, but lot of it, you can say, should be revealed eventually. And it'll take sometime for Izaya to actually start remembering much of anything, but reasons and official explanations *will* be given eventually. ^^ (Awesome username, btw~! =w=)

Mizu Ryujin: Th ank you~! It is hard for me, personally, to write details like that, so I hope this one is as good as the last one, if not better, for I really did try~! =3

Warnings: Talk of physical abuse. Anxiety, panic attacks(from my own experience) 'Minor' detailing of past self-harming. Major attempt at bonding. Backstory(um... is that a

warning...?), and possible minor spoilers for some of canon Izaya's past, and some minor(language), as well as some very brief mentions of views on the afterlife, you may or may not agree with.

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Shinra's Apartment

"To be honest, you weren't really that great of a person... In a way, you were using people's own feelings against them..."

"Also, I am aware that you had dealings with Yakuza so you'd better be careful, Orihara-san."

"Seriously though, having gotten attached to you could've been extremely dangerous for both parties even..."

"Neither you nor Shizuo-kun ever liked each other, but you know... It might have been nice if you two could've became friends, but, unfortunately... by now, to be honest, I don't you nor him would ever be able to make up to each other... But, even so, at the same time with him, at times, he has surprised me..."

"Just so you know..., a lot girls could've died because of you... You were often practically daring teens to just commit suicide..."

"I don't know, but I guess you could say I just always saw you as lonely, but satisfied, as well as very often... just... unstable*, nearly always off of your rocker, or something like that. You were really smart when it came to predicting the choices people were going to make..."*

"Even so, you were still one of my only friends in this world..."

He stood in the shower, allowing the water enough time to warm up, before he stepped in, only slightly relaxing underneath the hot stream of water surrounding him. He glanced down at his quivering hands, as the water continued to soak his body and hair, and he found himself feeling an odd sense of numbness beginning to consume him. After having happened to notice a large scar on his throat when looking into the mirror, he couldn't remember much of anything about it, but he didn't need to, because he just knew enough to know what it had to have been. Realizing that he probably had amnesia because of extreme mental strain(not that he typically cared to claim that he had ever even had any kind of 'huge burdens' to deal with, because he just 'didn't care' to talk about himself)and strain of surviving a suicide attempt could've just possibly done his sanity in, or something like that. It sort of *would* make sense to him, but as he thought about it, he realized Shinra hadn't said anything about it to him because he probably thought it would've been 'extra stress' of sorts. Not that he really minded,

though... It *was* fairly considerate, he had to admit. So neither one of them had or would probably *ever* say anything about it to each other for a long time to come...

And he just stood there, thinking. About what? Nothing really in particular, or maybe he didn't *want* to find anything to think about. This was the second time he'd used Shinra's shower. The first time, he'd been so tired, he pretty much just got it done as fast as he could, but this time..., he didn't particularly want to seem to want to rush to get the shower over with. With this thought in mind, he nonchalantly began trailing two of his fingers over the 'once clean and porcelain-like' skin.

Scar after scar, lined up in an almost diagonal row, from elbow to wrist on each arm; It'd been so long ago, but they still gave him so many annoyingly mixed feelings, especially right then. Something about even looking at them was uncomfortable to him, personally, but at the same time, addicting. Way back when his father had started doing the stuff he had, well..., he had just happened be one unfortunate human to caught up in his bastard father's lonely and miserable life outside of his job. Even his own mother hadn't really ever believed him for a long time and would constantly say stuff to him like, "Honey, you shouldn't try to provoke your daddy all the time like that. If you actually tried to smile at him once in a while, and be nice and give him a chance, things might would go better, and you both would be able be able to be happy for once."

She'd said that, as if he had seriously been 'trying' to provoke that monster, and like he was doing something bad himself, when, in truth, she had absolutely no idea what he was doing all that time whenever she left for work, and she treated it with the thought that they were both to blame, when there was absolutely no logical reasoning whatsoever for nearly *anything* that... *madman* had been doing. As if 'being nice' would have ever helped his situation, back then. However, being the person he was, he wanted to prove that, to himself, he *was* right. He'd pretty much *just stopped 'caring'* about it all together when he realized that nobody at all was really even listening to him, and, in truth, he didn't even *care* that they weren't listening.

The reason he decided to try to 'be nice', after that, was because somebody with the position of 'authority', mother or not, had suggested it, and well, he was just curious, at that point, how she would act if she realized *he* was right, and *she* was wrong. The sad irony of it, however, was that it was only after the *twins* were born, that some things were actually finally coming to light for a change, but by that time, the damage had already been done, and he couldn't even care any more. As far as he was concerned, if it'd actually taken a near death situation with Mairu and a visit to the hospital to snap his mother from her conceited delusions that everything was... just a little *'unsafe'*, it was rather too obvious she'd never actually loved him, as well as having failed to even *want* to see the situation for what it even was.

So, naturally, whenever she'd *finally* apologized to him for not listening and believing him before, he hadn't hated her, believed her, nor even resented her for it. He just didn't care to trust her or *anyone* anymore, after seeing that she still wasn't very good at supporting or encouraging him. She never had, in fact. Over time, he'd begun keeping everyone at a 'safe' distance from himself. Even after she'd began 'protecting' them from him, it was still just too late to fix him, as he couldn't help but feel like she was probably doing it just out of obligation as a 'mother'. She wasn't actually doing it because she cared. She hardly had every

taken much of any time tell her own children, that everything would just be okay. But you know what? He couldn't care less what she did anymore. Not to mention the fact that she was hardly ever around to even really talk to them, or him. Every human out there was the same in that regard, he'd decided.

Sometime later, both *Shirou* and *Kyouko* had gotten simultaneous jobs as traveling business man, and suddenly began taking off and ultimately leaving him in charge of babysitting the twins whenever they, and he, weren't in school. It was actually sort of... ironic to him, though. As much as he hated his father, he could help but despise that dreadful *silence* at times even more than all the hell he'd had been put through by that man. In fact, it couldn't even *begin* to compare to it. As jacked up as it would sound, you could even say he'd become *reliant* on the sound of shouting, glasses breaking and physical pain, because it let him know he was at least *alive*.

That was one major reason that he could say he liked being at school, and loved surrounding himself by humans so much. Most of the teachers, as well as various students, seemed to think of him as a "bit of a alien", but didn't particularity mind him nor like him. Because of the fact he'd been able to fit in with the crowd without actually being a part of it, he had also became a fairly popular student later on elementary school, even becoming the vice president of some of his classes as well as other things.

On the other hand, he still preferred to remain detached on a personal level from anyone around him, and didn't usually go out of his own way to strike up a conversation with anyone. He also happened to come of as a bit of a loner, with how he never really wanted outside whenever everyone else did, instead choosing to remain in the library. Perhaps it was anxiety, or just a fear of a personal relationships in general, but that was just the type of boy he was or had become over time. And he had decided that that was the way his own life was suppose to stay. You *could* say that was how he *wanted* it to stay. *Sure*, at times, he might *have* wondered why he felt the way he did, when nobody else around seemed to feel that way, but he'd eventually stopped thinking about his own little form of loneliness, and just accepted it as being his normal, and he became satisfied by that loneliness itself, as long as there were people around that he could watch observe.

When he was around other people, no matter *who* they were, he didn't actually have to think for himself for a change, and instead he could 'fulfill his own emptiness of sorts', by just taking in the crowd from a bit of a distance, never getting to close to people, nor keeping too far away from them. In a strange way, it was like he was filling his head and himself with other people's emotions and feelings, instead of his own, because his own had become so *'boring'* and frustrating, and too troublesome for him to even begin to understand or comprehend. So, with that said, he was content, in just being able to experience and hear about all the different things; struggles, hopes, happiness, fears, fun, and grief other people were witnessing throughout in their lives.

At school, he could say all of the above just allowed him to actually feel... *real,* and like he was actually a part of the world, while at home, he felt the exact opposite.

Then, before he knew it, the stress, cold emptiness, loneliness, frustration, anger and depression started building up during the dreadful time he was home alone each day with the

twins, and it began taking it's toll on him, considering they were a bit too young to communicate or process much. At least his parents *did* have enough 'love' in them to leave, though, to leave *some* food for them to eat and a couple other major necessities. Anything else, he had to find the money together to buy, such as clothes and drinks and stuff.

Every day was practically becoming *unbearable* for his own sanity's sake. A couple times he *had* considered the idea of leaving the house on his own accord, but just pushed away those ideas, because of the bitter reminder of what could, alongside that which *would*, happen if he left Kururi and Mairu alone for even a *little* too long, even though he had pretty much given up caring if anyone *did so happen* to beat him again. He supposed that it was being human, and the natural instinct to *not want* to get hurt physically or especially otherwise, by other people or beings in general; In other words, to *survive*.

No matter what he told himself, however, he still hated that silence so much that he was almost sure it was driving him mad, and he kept subconsciously wishing his father would just come back and do *something* to him *or* the house already.

Months passed by, and soon enough, accursed 'fears' suddenly kicked in, practically without any warning, and he became absolutely terrified of the prospect of what he was sure would become of his being when he died. He didn't know where those thoughts had even came from. It was just a 'realization' that just happened to dawn on him own day, and came into his head after watching a some stupid movie in class. He didn't even remember what it was, and nor did he even care to. He assumed that the only reason that the fear had never seemed to bother him before that was most likely because, being a child of sorts up until then, he'd never once given much thought to it.

"I don't want to die... I don't to die... I don't want to die..." he'd cried to himself in complete utter inner terror, *over and over* that evening, later resulting in earning himself a bad migraine, but even now, with certainty, he still feared it just as much as back then. If not, a lot more. He wanted his consciousness to exist forever, no matter what, because the prospect of not even being to hope or even being able to experience *'nothingness'* had struck him with a personally horrifying sense of dread which he couldn't even explain, *himself*, if he *tried*, and it had very often daunted him to this very day.

How or why he was somehow able to push aside a weakness like that, and try to commit suicide, despite that, was honestly beyond his understanding or belief.

He had fully been aware that his mind was just messed up, and sometime after apprehension and e, another four to five months later, it just *happened;* he nearly-backslash-completely snapped. His anxiety, and every single thing going through his head; all of a sudden, none of it at all had been making any sense to him in his state of mind, and all the way up to the point that he was lying in a bathtub completely dyed in red, he kept telling himself that he was just overrating and scolding himself for wanting to cry over pathetic and pointless matters and thoughts. He had cursed himself and humanity over and over again for not being able to control his ridiculous thoughts and actions, and mused aloud with distaste for his own life up to then. All the he while, he couldn't even stop crying, and *god how pathetic* he felt back then, especially when he realized that he'd forgot to lock the door, and Kururi and Mairu

ended up having been the ones to find him, and witnessing him in such a state that would normally be regarded as... horrifying.

Fortunately, seeing that they were as young and immature in their thinking as they had been, it didn't take much of a lie to fool them, and he doubted they even reembered that, by now. But lying to innocent children, like that. Man, how damn low could he have even gotten, he'd wondered.

In the end that 'one breakdown' had sparked a *bad* habit, for at least the next couple of years, despite how much he absolutely hated it.

In the meantime, while all of the turmoil had been going on in his head, he'd also began picking up on one other bittersweet habit, beside of the self harm*(not that those thoughts and temptations had ever truly 'left' him)*, if he did say so, himself. Avoiding interrogation, and even darting around giving information about himself, as he hated focusing on himself, and his own background. He didn't like talking about it at all, therefore he decided that he wouldn't. Well, *that*, and he just... *couldn't*.

On the other hand(even at school), things around him were suddenly beginning to lose it's personal, emotional and psychological *value to him,* and it was becoming less and less interesting. Suddenly, there just wasn't as much to see anymore, and that seemed to 'disappoint' him, you could say.

Or so he thought.

And that 'so he thought' is most assuredly why he was there in Shinra's shower, thinking about all of those things, and why he was feeling as overwhelmed as he now was, he was sure. Earlier that day, Shinra and Kadota had told him about some of the stuff he'd 'indirectly' done to some people over the span of his life while they knew him. Shinra did also tell him the story of how they had met, and something about it did in fact seem to sort of piece together, and as they explained everything they could to him, answering any questions he may have happened to have, there were some sudden extremely vague recollections of such times, but none of them at all were even close to clear, and he hated that. At times, it really bothered him when he knew *of* something in specific, but that irritatingly enough, he didn't actually know *about*.

Typically, this kind of thing didn't bother him as much as it was then, but at that moment, he couldn't help but *wonder* why that was. The questions were practically gnawing at him on the insides, right now, and the sounds, or lack there of, was just annoying him. The shower should've been relaxing to him, or was *suppose* to be, at least, so why *wasn't* it? Why couldn't he just *breath, damn it?!*

To him this silence, or what *felt* like silence to him, rather, as far as he was concerned, was *despairing*. He couldn't stand any longer, nor keep his composure steady or stable, anymore. His feelings were once again beginning to take over, just like it had several times before in his life.

Anxiety.

Depression.

Anger.

Fear.

Irritation.

Longing...

Self-loathing and temptation...

One feeling kept coming after the next, flooding his mind, and piling up and mixing into one. *This wasn't right. Nothing was right, at all.*

"Izaya...?"

He was suddenly irritated with Shinra for having even told him everything that he had. *No, he was just really frustrated and confused! Besides, he,* himself*, had strongly insisted to know everything he could.* Oh, *shit*, what the hell was even on with everything around him? What the hell was going on in his *head?* What the hell was *wrong* with him? Why wasn't he ever happy? Why *couldn't* he be happy? It was his father's fault! No, his mother had never truly cared for him..., so she was just was just as guilty as *him*! Curse it all, curse *all* of them, because he didn't know what the hell he was even doing with his life right now!

He... didn't know what to *do!* He wasn't thinking straight at all! No, he *couldn't* think straight at all...

He... He was going nuts... He was sure... Just what the hell was even wrong with him?! Why was he suddenly blaming everyone for the way he was feeling right now? It wasn't Shinra's fault. It wasn't Kadota's fault. It wasn't Simon's, or Mairu's or Kururi's, or even...his father's nor his mother's fault... It was... his own *fault, he realized, and suddenly, he was, in his own jacked up twisted mind, sorry to all of them for all of the problems and suffering he'd caused them... But... by now, he was ninety nine percent sure that by then it was far too late to change, when everyone already hated him and already sunk too far for his* own *satisfaction. He... He didn't to want to live, knowing that, at this point he was probably despised by the entire human race, but at the same time... It didn't hurt to* try*, did it...?*

Ha... As if he could... It was as said before... ninety nine percent pointless to...

Still... Could there be hope for him if he did *try?*

...He couldn't help but want to ask. Maybe.

"I-Izaya...! What's happening...?! Hey, hey...! Calm down!"

He heard a voice, vaguely registering it as Shinra's voice, but couldn't bring himself to calm down, and kept his hands up, tightly clutching the sides of his head. He started cursing to himself, but his mind, or sense of logic in itself, couldn't really register why he was he was even doing anything at all.

"D-*Don't touch me! Stay away from me!* I don't want to be around *you* or *anybody*! I-I can't stop thinking, already...! I-I...! I-" he was breathing heavily and irregularly, until he suddenly felt two warm comforting hands around his own, as he cursed the weak and undeserving tears coming from his eyes which stubbornly refused to stop falling. He *hated this*. This felt *wrong*. He shouldn't be *allowed* to cry or feel bad for himself, now. He didn't *deserve* it. Yet, even after all the stuff he had done and supposedly done, Shinra... He was still there and had been all that time for him. He could feel a mix of both fear, yet an odd sense of thanks, yet also envy and spite. He could help but... want to be... more *like* Shinra and be able to 'care' for people like that, and in a sense that didn't just get them hurt, in the long run. Something inside of him aspired to want to be able to push aside his own comfort zone to be able to... truly love people in a positive way and be able to have true friends, and ones that he actually laugh with, rather than at. He wanted to be loved and appreciated just like Shinra.

But most of all... He wanted to be able love and appreciate *himself*...

"Hey, it's alright, now. Everything's okay. Calm down already, please...? Can you... look at me?" The voice spoke softly, as their gazes finally were able to meet. Izaya's crimson-brown eyes seemed to hold a look of internal despair, and he was still badly trembling, as well as being a little too over-alert for the doctor's complete comfort level.

"Shinra, I-"

"Stop it... You need to breathe, right now. Izaya, you were having a panic attack. Just stop talking and breathe, alright...?"

For the second time in his life, Shinra found that Izaya was actually trying to comply with him on something, rather than the other way around. Reaching over, he turned off the shower, then turned around to pick up one of his larger towels from a counter top nearby them, wrapping it around his black haired friend. The fact that this was *Izaya* actually made him feel sort of relieved for him, and content with the fact that this was at least some kind of a start. The doctor was truly hopeful that the raven might actually be going to try to let someone in for a change, and he seemed to feel sort of... special, in a sense that it was *him* that he was trusting, or even *trying* to trust.

However, while he *was* glad, down deep, that Izaya actually finally *wanted* to reach out for help, it also worried and frustrated him at the same time to know that the man had no real understanding of *how* to reach to someone, probably even *himself*. But, still... he had to think about who this was and how 'often', considering who this was, he actually ever recalled *him having* panic attacks, or even willing showing any *kind* of *'weakness'* to anybody, and that was when he first truly realized it.

"O... Oi...," Izaya gazed away ever so slightly, a strange look of frustration, but pure exhaustion, in his eyes. "Shinra, sorry... but... would you... mind if I do something weird..?"

"Hm? Well, i-it d-depends what it is... I-" Shinra stuttered a bit, immediately taken by surprise, and hoping this wasn't leading to something else entirely. Not that he was really worried about Izaya regarding *that* kind of thing, because he, himself, had even said that he was asexual or aromatic or something like that at one point. He wasn't sure why, but he had

always tended to remember those kind of things about people, as odd as it may be. Perhaps, it just had something to do with Celty's influence.

"My apologies... but it's kind of something... *personal*, I guess you could say... Sorry if it's rather weird, though... I was wondering if I could hold your hands to my face..."

Shinra was certainly beyond confused by the strange request, but complied anyway, seeing no real harm in doing so. He shrugged, smiling ever so lightly. "Sure, I guess. I don't really understand, but I don't mind."

And Izaya did exactly what he said he would, and gently, though he was still a bit shaky, held both of Shinra's palms his over his forehead, but also covering his eyes his own from his view. Studying what he could see, Shinra could tell that Izaya had closed them. As they sat there, he watched as Izaya finally began to grow a lot less tense and finally just relax. Could this have some sort of strange...coping skill? Physical touch... It would make sense, he supposed.

"Sorry, for worrying you. And hurting all of you, too. I really am a terrible person, aren't I...?" the raven seemed to give a smile sad.

He studied the raven's serene expression, and couldn't help but realize every single thing about it felt real to him, as apposed to all of the man's other distantly mocking trademark smirks and smiles. And he suddenly realized at that point that he wanted more than anything to see his friend smile for real, and out of true joy, and not trigger happy, at least once, because he knew for a fact that Izaya probably never been able to. To be honest with himself, it really hurt to consider that possibility. So, no matter what..., he swore to himself that he would do whatever he could to shape this into the friendship it should've been before.

"No," he smiled, then removing his own eyes from the man's face, so he could see them."it is true that not a lot of people like you after everything you've said and done, but... I believe that you're just as human as any of us, . All of us make terrible mistakes sometimes, but, look, it doesn't make you a terrible person, if you *regret* those things you did..."

"...Hah... Shinra You really believe that I can I change...? Is that suppose to be some kind of joke...?"

He met said doctor's eyes, not even knowing what the man was saying anymore, as tears spilled from the corners of his eyes as he gave him the most hurt smile he'd probably ever given before. "You're still going to believe that even after everything I've done...?!"

"Yes, I *do* believe it." Shinra replied simply without hesitance. "Celty believes it... Simon-san believes it... Kadota-kun believes it. Mikado-kun, Mairu-chan and Kururi-chan all believe in you as well..."

Izaya was silent for a second, before looking away, as he let out a pained but almost somehow amused chuckle. "Is that so...? ...Shinra, you really are... a total idiot, you know that...?"

"Ha... I may be one; you're right..., but do you know... who else believes in you...?" Shinra questioned studying him with kind and understanding eyes.

"..."

Shinra laughed a little at his friend's own reluctance to admit it. *"You* do, Izaya... Even *I* can see that. You *want* to change, don't you...? I know you do, because... you want to smile, *too*, don't you...?"

"...I... I don't know what you're talking about, Shinra." Izaya mocked, sarcastically, as he slightly sneered, but then smirked in satisfaction of sorts. The truth was, he would probably *never* fully understand Shinra, but suddenly, something deep down gave him an odd sense of satisfaction in that, like that maybe... for once it didn't even matter that he didn't fully understand someone. Maybe, it was *better* like that, for a person like *him*.

"I don't fully understand you, you know," Izaya gazed over at him, smirking again. "and nor do I think I *ever* will, but you know what? I think that... I don't need to, because... I already know what kind of person you are... And personally, I realize that maybe... I'm satisfied with that, in itself."

"I see. I'm glad, then." Shinra replied, smiling softly in return.

...

"Who is this?" Namie growled into the phone.

"Yagiri-san, you are his secretary, are you? Shouldn't y-"

"Look, I don't know what you're talking about. A month ago, he *was*, but as of right now, he's *not*, and I'm not his babysitter, either, so stop calling me already, or I *will* make *all* of you regret it!"

"Wait, we-"

"Sorry, but if you have any questions call the underground doctor, Kishitani Shinra. I don't have time to talk right now, and I'm very busy. *Sayounara*..."

And with that, she hung up...

~ End of Chapter...

Chapter 9

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 9

Disclaimer: *sigh* I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!, though I am glad I don't, because I could never have his patience in writing, nor his skill in creating such lovable characters. =w=

Please Note: After some extensive research, I intern realized that I had been keeping this as taking place in the year 2009? I'm aware that there's a possible that there may be evidence to contradict that fact, but I'm going by the general basis that Mikado moved to Ikebukuro in 2007 or 2008, but considering that the Narita Universe has no specified year, if you want me to, I can go back and try to make it a little more understandable, or just leave it up to your mind to wonder...? I'm not planning to really mess with it though, if nobody really minds it as it is. It's just that in the anime Izaya is 23, in the manga he's 24 and in the light novels as of volume 9, earthworm stated him to be 25, in which he nodded in confirmation that the reason he always claimed he was 21 was because he was disliked the fact that being 25 would round up to 30 years in age. So what I'm saying do you think I should just keep it as it is or change something in specific?

I'm willing do it, if someone out there strongly feels like I should, but I'm not sure if this should the anime verse, or the light novel verse, but there definitely are some differences in them. Want some examples? Sure~! :P

1. In the light novels(and manga), Mika began stalking Seiji after he protected her and another girl from some punks or something, because Mika 'looked like his girlfriend', while in the anime Mika randomly began stalking him just because 'she fell in love with his smile' when she first met him in the Raira High School classroom.

2. In episode 1, when Mikado asks Masaomi if there are people he should watch out for, he says Izaya because he's really dangerous. However, in the manga and light novels Izaya 'by coincidence' runs into them, which is actually when he first appeared and was first mentioned. After Izaya left, Masaomi actually said, "He's not dangerous, per se, but more like unstable. You never know what he'll do."

So what do you guys want? Would you not like it if I sorta combined parts of the light novel and anime? I actually kinda do need to need to know what everyone thinks about it, ne...? =w=

Note 1: And the thing about Masaomi; that's why I asked about if I should have him or not. I could go two ways with him, by either having them just simply agree to disagree and continue avoiding each other all together, or I could potentially have them confront their differences and at least try to empathize with each other to some degree...

Note 2: I sincerely hope that everyone else was able to do the same, but I'm not Narita or some professional novel writer like him(though I am improving, I think~!), so I make a lot of mistakes in writing at times like even leaving out words at times, so I can understand if

somethings are confusing to somebody, or doesn't make full sense to them. Beside of that, writing personal feelings and describing them is difficult for me at times. ^-^

...

Makuhari Messe Convention Complex, Makuhari, Tokyo

"Now I'm Ichimaru Gin from Bleach! *Sooo*, what do you guys think?"

"Tondemonai-! You look just like him, Yumacchi...!"

"E-eto..., I... I hope you don't mind me saying this, but... if I'm not mistaken, that's about the thirteenth cosplay outfit you've worn today... I was kind of wondering how many you even have, Yumasaki-san..?"

It was December 22th, or by Erika and Walkers calendar, the annual *Jump Festa,* and with that said, they had also dragged a nervous and reluctant Sonohara Anri along with them. Both of them had saved up a lot of money, and had been nice enough to cover her entry fee. They'd been there for about six and a half hours now, but Anri seemed to feel sort of out of place. However, she also seemed sort of glad that they'd wanted her there so much. Erika had practically been fangirling the entire time and had even worryingly found and forced a Michaelis Sebastian and a Sutcliff Grell cosplayer to kiss, as well as a Madarame Ikkaku and Ayasegawa Yumichika one. With that said, Erika's lack of decency in these kind of situations was sort of... *unsettling* to Anri, to say the least, but she wouldn't care enough to mention that, of course, as long as she, *herself*, hadn't been forced into it.

In truth, though, the people cosplaying hadn't actually seemed to mind it *that* much, but *still*.

And then there was *Walker*. He'd surely cosplayed at least one character of all the most popular anime or manga from Shounen Jump, beside of one of the first two Vocaloid avatars, Leon. With that being said, Walker Allan from D. Gray-Man, Orochimaru from Naruto, Frieze from Dragon Ball Z, Pegasus from Yu-Gi-Oh, Lau from Kuroshitsuji, Asplund Lloyd from Code Geass, and Yagami Light from Death Note were only *some* of them. *Now* he was claiming to be Ichimaru Gin from Bleach. Anri, herself, was uncertain of what to even think of it all, or what to even say in general.

Erika, who had on the other hand perfectly dressed up as Lola from Vocaloid, sneakily smiled at her, suddenly patting her on her on the back. Walker seemed to not have heard her. "Believe me, Anri-chan. You may not even *want* to know."

"I'm so depressed that they won't allow us to have real swords in here, though...! Otherwise, I could have brought in Kanda Yuu's Mugen...!" Walker complained, letting out a huge sigh.

"Even so, you did do a really job making that fake dagger." Erika elbowed him, jokingly.

Immediately, the tip of said 'fake dagger' touched her in the throat. "It's not a 'dagger', Karisawa-san..."

"E-eto..., I..." Anri uttered, rather lost and... *unsettled* by their behavior. Poor Anri... She would probably never fully understand how she'd been pulled into such odd things...

"Oh, Anri-chan, I was wondering... How has that *boy friend* of yours been doing?"

"B-Boy friend...?! Mikado-kun isn't-he's-I- He's been doing okay, I guess..." In all honesty, Anri had long since given up even trying 'defend her case' when it came to Erika, because she knew that nobody could unconvince the teen of her odd and sometimes disturbing 'fantasies' which had absolutely no boundaries, to speak of.

"Though, every once in a while, there seems to be this distant look in his eyes. He looks sort of... sad, in way a way, whenever he does it, but whenever I ask if something is wrong, he keeps telling me he's sorry, and claims he was 'just thinking'..."

She then jumped, in realization of her 'babbling', and quickly made to apologize. "Ah, I'm so sorry for sounding so depressing, but I'm sure he's fine and it's just me overreacting to what I want to see as strange behavior, is all. That sounded really strange, didn't it...?" Man, she was acting really awkward, even for herself. Maybe it was stimulation, because in all honesty she wasn't all that used to attending these kind of events, especially with friends.

"Don't worry, you didn't sound all that depressing *or* weird. It's perfectly normal, I think, to be a little worked up when someone drags you off somewhere with them." Erika told her, laughing a little.

"...Thanks for that..." Anri smiled back, still a little hesitantly.

"Hey, do you mind if I say something...?" She then looked away in question and nervousness, but thankfully seemed to be relaxing a little.

"Um, sure, what is it?" Erika gestured back with a bit of a shrug.

"E-eto..., I just wanted to say... thanks for all that you said back then..."

She was taken off guard when Erika had suddenly pulled her into a hug. "Anri-chan, you don't need to say thanks again, okay? I just said all that because I wanted to, and because *his* words really just needed to be ignored that time."

The one time Anri had went to *Izaya* for advice was a time she didn't know why she had. He was never known to be a relatively kind person, nor a person who actually ever gave 'positive advice', that she knew off, yet she'd still looked to him for it from him in some kind of a manner, as if they were *friends* or something. Fortunately, Erika had been close enough of an actual friend to defend her, in her own way, from a lot of the practical verbal abuse of sorts and bad advice he had given her.

"Thank you... Um, do you by chance know what Orihara-san was like when he was younger, though...? Well, what I mean was, was he always like that?" Anri suddenly asked, practically

out of no where, giving her a curious look.

"No, sorry. I don't know much about him..." Erika said simply, but something in her eyes seemed to tell otherwise. However, Anri didn't press her further, because she trusted Erika, and she could tell that it was because it was most likely something she would do better just to avoid discussion and action of all together.

"Oh, I see... Thank you, anyways."

...

"Hey..., Shizuo, not that I'm extremely worried or anything, but... is something going on? I'm sort of curious." Tom asked Shizuo, who suddenly looked up at him as they were on their usual hour break.

"Huh? You're back. It's nothing much, just been thinking 'bout some stuff, is all..." Shizuo muttered, taking a puff of his cigarette.

"You kept staring off into space both today and yesterday. It's gotta be more than just nothing much, or am I wrong? Do tell me if you don't wanna talk about it, though." Tom studied him with a fond sort of curiosity.

"That flea was in Ikebukuro, the other day, is all..." Shizuo seemed to speak nonchalantly. Despite this, in his eyes, there seemed to be a look of a much deeper thought level.

"'Is all'? That's normally something you would wanna destroy something over, isn't it? That's not what you would usually just 'think about'..."

"Yeah, but... Celty says he has amnesia, and Shinra apparently strongly believes it... According to them, he only remembers up to the point he was about thirteen or so, I think."

"You sure? Isn't amnesia usually caused by something in particular?"

"It is... 'can be caused by either a blunt head injury, or trauma. I have some doubts that one of the only times someone was actually able to hit that guy in the head would just so happen to cause him amnesia, but still... What kind of thing could actually even *manage* to traumatize him?" Shizuo seemed to growl in annoyance at his own thoughts.

"Who knows? Do you think that your friend Shinra-san would know?" Tom gazed over at him in question.

"I doubt it, or at least he probably wouldn't know much. While he may understand *Izaya* more than much of anybody else, as I far as I understand, there are still some major limits to what even he knows about that little shit's past... Personally, I'd prefer *not* to know, but I can't sort help but be a bit curious..."

"Maybe you should ask him. It might help you more than you think. For one, we'd at least be able to know what all we're dealing with." Tom scratched his head a little in thought.

Shizuo sighed in deep thought. "Yeah, but I just need some time to think about it, because I may still yet be able to manage to let it leave my mind all together..."

"Hm... I get what you're sayin'," Tom gave a small warm smile, before turning around a bit. "but you know, either way couldn't hurt at all, right now... Anyway, I'll see you in a little while, okay?"

"Yeah, sure thing." Shizuo looked over at him, a grin suddenly gracing his features. "See ya in a bit."

And with that, Tom walked off, leaving the former bartender to his thoughts. He wanted to just leave the thoughts as they were, but at the same time, he couldn't help *but* be a bit curious about Izaya's past. Not only that, but maybe it was just the consideration of the amnesia making him consider it, he could help but recall that flea tensing up as badly as he had back then, even though he supposedly didn't know who he was. It was all too much for him to care enough to focus on right now, but he still couldn't help but wonder...

~ End of Chapter

Translations -

Tondemonai!- No way!

A/N: Our dear Shizu-chan is starting to wonder. What do you think is going to happen next? ^-^

PS: I doubt if anybody wants to, but I'll just say it anyway. If anybody out there just happens to want to write a fanfiction of any of my fanfictions, then be my guest(but not for this one right, until I have more of sort of concrete base to it). Just give me credit for coming up that fanfiction!verse, and pleeease don't bash on any characters in them that weren't meant to be bashed. Keep 'good' characters good, in other words, ne~? Please!(?) I can't stand seeing complete character bashing for hardly anyone. Now... I do hate Jinnai Yodogiri, 'Earthworm' in many ways..., Horada (blue square/yellow scarf guy. He just pissed me off...), and Kujiragi, Light Yagami..., and... um... Madara Uchiha...,, and Hinata Hyuga's 'character'(I love her personality, though. Does anyone get what I'm saying? Probably not..., sorry... XD), The Colorless King, The Millenium Earl, and the Major from Full Metal Alchemist. I haven't even watched it, but I know I'd hate him. Make pasta not war! Well, um... I can't remember anybody else... Actually, yeah, Ju Bach from Bleach, but no others, because I love so many! x3

Sorry... I was rambling. Forgive me again, but I just thought I'd let that be out there, if anyone by any slim chance even wanted to know or was curious, which I doubt... x|

Chapter 10

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 10

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

Hey, does anybody have some good gang names and ideas? I'd love to hear them. I'm that smart whenever it comes to that kind of thing... =w='

Shinra's Apartment

"Sh-Shiki-no-danna? H-hey, what's going on?" Shinra stuttered, when he opened the door to see none other one of the higher regarded Awakusu-kai members, Shiki. Plus, he wasn't only that, as he was *also* one of the people that had had one of the highest communication levels with Izaya, even hiring him for multiple jobs that required his special... info-gathering skills, as well as parkour skills if need be. It was only a matter of time before he would've came around, but he had hoped it would have been a time he was at least 'semi-prepared' for it, in someway or another.

"Sorry for bothering. I'm wondering if Orihara-san is with you. I need to have a quick word with him. Would you be willing to allow me in?"

Shiki inquired, an underlying annoyance in his tone. He was wearing an unusual gray jacket in place of his typical white, and his face seemed contorted with a somewhat exhausted expression.

Shinra was about to speak on behalf of him, but Celty suddenly stood behind him, holding her PDA out with a message on it for him to read.

[He's asleep, and to be honest with you, Izaya has amnesia right now, as hard as you may find it to believe. What is it you wanted to talk to him about?]

"Amnesia? Black rider, you aren't lying to me, are you? Kishitani-sensei, will you tell me what she's talking about?"

"Um, well," Shinra looked away. "Sorry, but I'm going to have to refuse to talk since he's my patient..."

Shiki seemed to sigh in frustration, but seemed to want to remain respectful of Shinra's decision. In a way, he might would be doing the same exact thing in Shinra's situation, whatever it may be. He then reluctantly decided he'd just have to wait to keep a close eye out from then on, in the case that one of his men just so happened to see Izaya by himself in Ikebukuro. They could probably snatch him, then..., if they were *lucky*...

"Very well... Despite how much this may happen to irritate me, I won't bother you anymore, for right now, seeing as you aren't *exactly* on his side, or trying to directly interfere with our

own business. I'll be-" he began to say, but Shinra and Celty seemed to jump when they all heard a door close, and voice speak.

"Look now, it is me you wanted to talk to, isn't it? So there really shouldn't be a need to aim your annoyance at them, or am I wrong? Why don't you just come on in, if that's fine with *Shinra-san*?"

Shinra was almost mortified, when he looked back and saw Izaya giving him a brief smile that would say something like, 'don't worry', and 'Just leave this to me, 'cuz I'll figure out something.'

He assumed that the change in the honorific was to either protect the fact that he wasn't just 'an acquaintance', or... maybe for some reason, Izaya still didn't want someone he cared for to get mixed up in the problems he'd 'created and was to deal with himself, even now'... It worried him, but... maybe Izaya knew what he was doing? Or did he not...? This all worried him.

He was tempted to do something else against both of their wishes, when Izaya approached him and momentarily placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you worry now, Shinra... I'll figure out something, because I *always* do, ne...?" He whispered to him, seeming to not really care if Shiki heard him or not, before finally meeting the mafia man's heavy gaze.

Shinra was taken by surprise when Celty took his hand, pulling him back. "Fine..."

It was obvious that Shinra didn't want to comply at all with him right now, but reluctantly did because both Celty and Izaya were saying that Izaya would be fine, but he still couldn't bring himself to completely relax even if this *was* just Shiki, no matter what they told him.

He then smiled at Celty, after having invited Shiki in and they were seated, giving her hand a bit of a squeeze. "...Thanks, Celty."

She shook her head as if to then say 'Don't thank me. Just... keep an eye on them. I don't completely trust either one of them, even at this point.'

And he didn't blame her, either, but he, himself, did trust Izaya more than her, as it'd always been.

"So... *info-broker*, tell me about this 'amnesia' that Kishitani-san says you have."

To anyone around right now, Izaya's eyes were impossible to read, but he didn't seem to be taken off at all by the name, because Shinra had explained that much to him. However, even though he didn't seem that amused by it, an amused sort of smirk suddenly graced his features and he didn't even know why.

Maybe... it was a reaction to exhilaration from an underlying nervousness? At least that was what both him and Shinra were simultaneously pondering without them knowing it. Celty, however, was still undoubtedly suspicious of both of them.

"I'm not quite sure what much there is to tell about, though your name is Shiki-san, ne?"

"Yeah...," Shiki nodded in confirmation, giving him a look of an indifferent curiosity. "but I'm wondering; how late do you by chance even remember...?"

"To be honest with you, Shiki-san, I'm not absolutely sure... But I'd have to say the last thing I actually remember was in 1998, two years after my grandfather had-"

He suddenly cut himself off, right then growing bitter. And for a second, he even turned away.

"You know what...? Actually, I'd prefer not to even talk about this. Sorry, is that all you had wanted to know...? If not, please be direct about it, will you? What info is it that you need from me, already?" His smile was now gone, and replaced by tightened lips.

"No, there's nothing else, or at least not much of any questions you could answer right now... I'm leaving." He got up, glancing over at Shinra for a moment.

"However, *Izaya-san*, we *will* be meeting again some time, you should know. Keep that in mind, and you'd do best to remember what you can remember, or... you may not end up so lucky with somebody else who knows you... That's some rather good advice that you'd, once again, you'd do best to engrave into your memory..."

"Yes, of course, I'll do that. Why *thank you*, *'Shiki-kun'*." Izaya said, with emphasis on the last sentence, in hopes to just mock him, and get him out. The look on his face, however, implied that he also seemed to know that he was risking his throat in making that comment, so Shiki just decidedly said nothing, before getting up and then approaching Shinra, immediately seeming to catch the suspicious gaze of Celty.

"Kishitani-san, I'm wondering... Have you heard of a former group of Dollars which are now referring to themselves as the Dwellers...? If you've not, I wouldn't be surprised..." Shiki questioned, eyeing him oddly.

"No, sorry, I've not." Shinra seemed a little confused.

"I see... Well, I've only really heard rumors of it, and the ones I've heard about it from say that it's just a bunch of teens playing around about it, or something... So it's probably not really that important, but you never know, I guess... Anyway, see you around..." Shiki told him, then making his way to the door and exiting.

Meanwhile, Izaya still remained sitting where he was a short while before. Why he had began feeling so irritable out of nowhere like that, he didn't know. He really didn't, but at that very second, he just wanted every single person in the room *gone*.

Curse this hell that's referred to and known as anxiety, damn it...! *Ha... My grandfather, and grandmother. Now what in the world could have possessed me to bring even* one *of* them *up...?*

...

Alpa Shopping Area, Sunshine City, Tokyo

"*Aniki*...?" Kasuka studied Shizuo with an emotionless expression.

"Huh?" Shizuo looked back up at him, once again having 'trailed off into his own thoughts', even though he was suppose to be spending the day with his brother.

"You keep gazing off..."

"Yeah, I know... Sorry about that..." Shizuo sighed, before pulling out his cigarette. Man, he really needed to clear his head right now...

"You're not allowed to smoke in the mall, you know..."

"Yeah, yeah..."

Shizuo sighed, making his way to go out the one of doors he was currently in, his brother following behind him.

"Man, I can't deal with this... I really need to go talk to Shinra, right now, damn it...!"

((Please forgive me, but I have no idea what Ruri refers to Shizuo as, so I'm just going by my own stupid sense of logic. Please don't hurt me...! Please correct my mistake so I can know! - T^T))

"Shizuo-oniisan...? Is everything okay?" Looking in front of him, he then saw... what was her name again...? Ruri? Yeah, that had to be it. Still, how could he have almost not remembered that, even though she had even been dating his brother as far as what he knew.

Actually, he was just super bad with remembering names and faces in general, he pondered, in slight annoyance.

"Hey..., Ruri. Don't worry, it's nothing important, but how's it goin'? Kasuka, did you by any chance know she was coming here?" He looked back to his brother.

Kasuka shrugged a little, as his hair began blowing in his face. "Maybe... Why do you ask?

Shizuo shrugged, unsure. "Just curious, I guess... Um... hey... Kasuka, I-"

"Nii-san, go ahead and do what you need to do. It is pretty easy to tell that you're really stressed, even for us." Kasuka said simply.

Shizuo thought about it for a second before smirking a bit. "You know, now that's really sayin' somethin', isn't' it...?"

He then pulled Kasuka into a brief and rare embrace, saying a shaky but simple enough 'thanks a lot'.

"Yo, treat my little brother good. And Kasuka, treat Ruri good, too, 'cause both of you need it and deserve it. Hey, I know I've not really been that great of an older brother, but... you know,

I don't want either one of you hurt, so be careful. See ya."

And with that, he, still unsure of himself, walked off toward Shinra's apartment, leaving Kasuka and Ruri to themselves.

Both of them seemed a bit confused by the rather strange thing he'd said, but moments later they just decidedly shrugged, before walking on.

Meanwhile, as he walked, more and more doubts filled his mind. Why was he even... going there? Why did he care to know? Why couldn't he just leave those damned annoying thoughts as they were? Maybe it was because, whatever he chose, at the current moment, he assumed he really had nothing else to loose, but at the same time..., he did sure as hell sort of want to know when Izaya had become the bastard information broker he was, and (sort of) what, if anything, had caused him to become the way he'd become.

Again, it wasn't like he did have anything better to do, was it? And personally, he didn't want to drag Kasuka down anymore today, because, to be honest with himself, he felt awful for continuously 'forgetting he was there'. Beside of that... He thought back to Tom and knew, as annoying as it was, he *had* to tie up these loose ends, and not because he cared *or* felt bad. He just needed to set things straight for once, and not with Izaya but with himself, as weird or 'philosophical' as it may annoyingly sound. For, *at that moment*, that *was* all there was to it, and all he cared to make it, anyway.

...

"Kuru-nee, why won't you tell me what happened? Why have you been acting so strange?!"

"I'm not sure what you're been about... I'm not acting strange."

"Like poo, you're not! Come on, Kuru-nee! Tell meee, already!"

Ever since Kururi had claimed to have talked to Namie about something, Mairu couldn't help but noticed how quiet she'd been, but she kept insisting she was fine. On the other hand, Mairu wasn't blind, and in truth, both of them could be just as readable as one another at times. Plus they were also able to *read* each other just as good as the other, as well as knowing when the other was hiding something, or even handling something in particular, because in their own way, their level of physical and mental strength was exactly the same, for as far as they, themselves, would continue to believed it was. And as such, nothing could get to one without the other knowing sooner or later. Mairu just simply refused to believe what Kururi was saying, and Kururi stubbornly enough was simply refusing to just back down.

Mairu then suddenly grew quiet, looking away a little.

"...Hey, Kuru-nee, do you think we should stop...?" Mairu stated, apparently taking Kururi a bit by surprise.

They briefly studied each others expression, before Kururi finally just nodded, with an odd expression of longing in her eyes. "Mn."

~ End of Chapter

A/N: Does it make any sense? I hope so...! Along with being a 'single pair', the twins have a tendency to be a bit odd, in themselves. Am I the only one who they remind of Hikaru and Kaoru from Ouran High School Host Club?

Next chapter may be a special flashback. Got any suggestions? I'd love to hear them~! =w=

Chapter 11

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 11

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

---

14 Years Ago

"Izaya, we think about you a lot, dear... How have you been doing in school? Are you still ahead of everyone in your class like you used to be? I remember that your third grade teacher, Kuroji-san, once told us that you were a very gifted student. You make us happy all the time, when we hear such lovely praises about you, you know that? But... you've been seeming more depressed lately and it's been worrying us. Dear... how has your father been treating you?"

"Hm? Yeah, I've been doing okay-"

"It has been a while since you last came over, Izaya. How has everything been going on at home?"

"Um, it's been going alright, I should say. So, um, how has everything been going on both of your ends? Totally grand, I would truly hope~"

On a whim, Izaya had got the twins to come with him to more or less visit their paternal grandparents, Torakichi and Natsu one day, after school.

He didn't really know what had made him 'want' to go there, but it was most assuredly just the fact that he was simply really annoyed and 'bored' with his life, so he went. That had to be all there was to it, he was sure.

However, now that he was there, and both Mairu and Kururi had fallen asleep on the couch, he didn't even know what to say, or do in particular. Maybe... he could offer them some kind of 'assistance' to keep himself distracted? He certainly didn't want to answer any frustrating trivia on himself, especially not on what had been, particularly recently, going through his head, because nothing was 'wrong', despite what they might try to say.

To be honest, he had nothing against them, but... he didn't feel all that comfortable when he was around them either. Maybe it was just because they were his father's parents; he didn't know, but, then again, he didn't care enough to want to know at the moment.

"We're all doing fine enough, I guess. Alive, anyway..." his grandfather seemed to sigh, shrugging somewhat.

"Ah... Well, alive is better than not, ne? I'm glad to know that everyone's doing at least decent..."

'Or at least, I should *be able to feel glad about that...',* he thought dully to himself.

"Oi, Obaa-chan~? You wouldn't by chance have anything you needed done around here, would you~?"

"...Not that I can think of. Torakichi, dear, you don't by any chance know of anything he can do, do you?"

"Well, he *could* help with the dishes, or *maybe* do some sweeping, if he wants. I don't know... We did have that cleaning crew to come out a while back, so I can't really say that there's much around to help with. I'm sorry you wanted to. If we had known that, we could've just payed you to do it, instead."

"No no, Ojii-chan, it's fine... and I understand. I suppose it's for the best, anyway. I didn't even know I'd decide to come here today, to be honest... Anyway, I'll go ahead and wash the dishes for you, okay? Are you done with that cup?" Izaya pointed at white ceramic tea cup, next to his grandfather, which originally had coffee warmed up in it.

"Hm? Yeah, go ahead and take it, and wash it, if you will, Thank you, Izaya."

"Thank *you*..." Izaya gave them a slightly out-of-place smile, running out of the living area and off into the kitchen, to do the job, just then allowing his smile to slowly drop.

"...", he then let out a deep sigh of anxiousness, finally allowing himself to relax a bit.

Present day

CHATROOM

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No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Taro Tanaka-san has entered the chatroom.

Taro Tanaka: Hey, guys.

Taro Tanaka: It's been a while since anyone has been on here, hasn't it? I'm wondering how everyone's doing.

Taro Tanaka: Ever since Kanra-san has been missing, it's been really quiet and less lively.

Taro Tanaka: I know that you don't seem that fond of him or her, Bakyura-san, but you have to admit that what I'm sayin' is at least somewhat true. Haha...

Taro Tanaka: Sorry, but I wish that everybody would just come back and talk. To be honest, I've been really bored lately.

Taro Tanaka-san left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Bakyura-san has entered the chatroom.

Bakyura: Hey, Taro-san. Seems I got here too late.

Bakyura: I would love to talk more, but I've been sorta... busy lately.

Bakyura: Who knows, though? Maybe we'll be able to talk a 'family' again soon some time, lol.

Bakyura: And yeah, I guess you're right about Kanra. I don't like him that much, but... this room really could use some lighting up on the

Byakura: Sorry, accidentally

Bakyura: Sorry, /again/. My phone is screwing up.

Bakyura: Anyway, maybe we'll be able to talk again, soon. To be honest, it would be a /little/ nice to be able to have him back.

Byakura: Talk to ya all soon, maybe~? :P

Bakyura-san left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Saika-san has entered the chatroom.

Saika: Um, hello, guys. I'd just like to say that I agree...

Saika: It's been really quiet...

Saika: I like talking to everyone here, so I hope that everyone does come back to talk sometime.

Saika: It really would be sorta nice, like Byakura-san said.

Saika: I guess I'll talk to you guys later, then...

Saika: Soremade... ja ne...

Saika-san left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Indoor Scholar-san has entered the chatroom.

Indoor Scholar: Hey, everyone.

Indoor Scholar: That would be nice if we all could have a massive chat here one day. I still haven't got the chance to do so, nor be introduced to everyone~

Indoor Scholar: Saika-san, Tanaka Taro-san, and Bakyura-san, don't worry!

Indoor Scholar: I'm sure everyone's just been really busy, lately. Setton-san and Kanra-san, too, but maybe they'll eventually be back.

Indoor Scholar: So let's all just keep chatting away and waiting for them to all return one day, okay? Any way,

Indoor Scholar: I'll talk to you guys later, alright?

Indoor Scholar: Bye bye, now~! :3

Indoor Scholar left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Pure Water 100%-san has entered the chatroom.

Pure Water 100%: Hey.

Pure Water 100%: Is it just me, or does it seem like everyone keeps coming in too late?

Pure Water 100%: I don't know... Oh well.

Pure Water 100%: Bye, I guess.

Pure Water 100%-san has left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

Kyo-san has entered the chatroom.

Mai-san has entered the chatroom.

Kyo: Nope, Pure Water-san, it's definitely not just you!

Mai: Hopefully everyone will be back here, sometime.

Mai: So boring here...

Mai-san left the chatroom.

Kyo: You all better come on back! It's upsetting everyone!

Kyo-san left the chatroom.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

No one is in the chatroom right now.

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Shinra's Apartment (Outside?)

Shizuo approached Shinra's door, apparently so lost in his own thoughts that even though he *had* seen another person approaching as well, he hadn't actually *registered* their presence.

However, when both him and they reached up and knock on the door's steel surface in unison, they reflexively paused, catching each other's eyes.

Shizuo was speechless for a moment, until the woman spoke up before he could've said *anything*.

"You... If I'm not mistaken, you're Heiwajima Shizuo, aren't you?" She inquired, eyeing him.

"Yeah, but who're *you*? I feel like I've seen you somewhere before. What's your name?" He wanted to know.

She sighed. "...Just call me Namie. I couldn't care less about formalities."

Twisting some strands of her long brown hair between her right index finger and thumb, she looked away.

"Anyway, I used to be Orihara-san's secretary as well as the head of Yagiri Pharmaceuticals, so it would make sense that you've seen my face before."

"Oh, got it." Shizuo muttered, seemingly deep in thought, but not really caring about it at all.

To be honest with herself, Namie was sort of surprised when Shizuo didn't ask her anything further, as apposed to how most people(who knew of that company) she happened to converse with did.

She couldn't help but suddenly want to think that Shizuo *was* rather different than most people she'd ever met. So maybe it did, in some way or another, make some sense to her. Not that she really cared, though, to be honest.

"...Shizuo-kun, Namie-san... H-hey, what's goin' on...?" Shinra paled a little, studying them after finally opening, and peeking out, the door.

Shizuo smiled a little uncertainly. "Yo, I was wanting to talk to you about something."

Namie momentarily averted her gaze. "To be honest, the same goes for me..."

Shinra was silent for a moment, uncertain of what to do. "O-oh... Well, come on in, I guess, but don't destroy anything."

Shizuo seemed to tense up, but said nothing as he followed them in.

Shinra was still a bit anxious, but he swore(not that he was 'weak' physically), he would do whatever he could to protect Izaya's sanity at least. However, even so, he knew he would feel horrible if he just randomly slammed the door in Shizuo's face for no reason. Besides, Shizuo *was* still a good friend to him as well. He couldn't just do something like that to him, even if other people had or would in this case, unless he did just so happen to... provoke something...

~ End of Chapter.

Translations:

Soremade... ja ne... - Until then... See ya...

A/N: What did you all think? What did you think of the scene with Shizuo and Namie? Bet none of you expected that did you? Hey, even I didn't... xD

It may be a little while before I upload more, as I'm still in the process of correcting and fixing up all sorts of errors, and tweaking text to at least make this all even slightly more in character.

Ja ne~!

Chapter 12

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 12

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 12

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

Replies to Reviews on Chapter 11

Guest 2: (You really did help me though~ 'w') About what you said to chapter ten, Kasuka... Yes, our dear Kasu-chan really* does *know his brother well, doesn't he? Shiki did have to remain business like, 'cause he may have his own feelings about things, but... he is still an important symbol for a Japanese mafia group, so yeah ((I love Shiki, though :3)). Haha, I've always thought that Shinra was just adorable from the very beginning, and Izaya as well (in his own way of course, what, with setting his game board on fire and what not. Both him and Walker are arsonists... xD), but Izaya and Shinra have more of a... complex relationship that's rather hard to describe. In an interview with Kadota and some others who had known Izaya, Kodata said 'If you want him to love you, you have to love him first.', and that says it. I think Izaya doesn't care a whole lot about getting hurt physically, but he remains emotionally detached because he does down deep, maybe without even knowing or wanting to accept it, fears being hurt emotionally and/or even psychologically. As far as what I can tell Shinra is the only one who has really been shown to have 'seen' past his barrier. When Shinra hung up on Izaya while he was in the hospital, his obviously honest words were, "What a poor excuse for a friend...", which shows he was relatively hurt by him just hanging up on him, and when Shinra ended up in the hospital, he did the same thing, and 'brushed it off as nothing' to express that. Poor Izaya... xD T^T

Guest 2: About your review to chapter 11, maybe~ maybe not~! :3 I couldn't help but notice that the chat sessions were the most 'fun' or 'entertaining' to listen to or read when 'Chrome' or 'Kanra' was on there. He or 'she' was always managing to keep the conversations going. xD

inlovewithshizaya: Yes, and I hope you'll like it ^-^

Shinra's Apartment

"Who was it?" Izaya questioned, as Shinra stepped back into the living area of the house.

"It's... um-" Shinra had started to say with a reluctant face, when Shizuo cut him off.

"It's me." He said, Izaya stiffening immediately after hearing his voice. What was *he* doing here?

When the former bartender stepped in the room, a look of fear, spite, and distaste, as well as distrust formed in his features. Shinra was betraying him; he should have-

Then a woman with a straight face and a green sweater appeared behind him. Who was she...?

"Don't worry. If he causes any problems for us, I'll take care of it." Shinra told him, briefly giving Shizuo a suspicious side glance.

"Forgive me if I sound rude, but he's causing me 'problems' just by being here."

The corner of Shizuo's mouth seemed to twitch, but he was obviously *trying* to stay calm.

"Look, I didn't come here to fight you." he said simply, giving a small glare.

"Well sorry, but it may be unavoidable if you were wanting to try to 'socialize' with me." Izaya responded with a rather hostile glare to counteract the other's.

"Izaya, stop...!" Shinra snapped, startling Izaya.

"And why? He's *always* hated me, hasn't he? So *why* should I be *'nice'* to *him*...?!" Izaya was beginning to grow extremely irritated for the fact that Shinra was even defending that monster.

"Because Shizuo is 'enjoying' this just as much as you are, right now. This is humiliating for both parties." Shinra told him.

Izaya was silent for moment, studying both of them, particularly Shinra.

"Then why is he even here...?" Izaya growled back in annoyance and slight demand.

"Well, for one, I could be here to just talk to Shinra, which I *do* have a full right to do." Shizuo spoke before Shinra could.

"However, seeing as that's *not* the case *now*, I wanted to see what you were like before you turned into the asshole that you were before, *and* if you ever *weren't* one. Whether you like it or not, we're gonna start over, got it? Beside of that, I... I think it really could've been a lot different for both of us... That's all."

"Start over...?" Izaya scoffed, glaring at him, before getting up and turning to the door. "Sorry, not interested, because as far as I'm concerned you're no different than *him*... Shinra, I'm leaving. Actually, first, who are you?"

'Amnesia...?' Namie considered, before meeting the black haired man's eyes. She then gave a bitter smile. "Hmph, I was your secretary, was all. Yagiri Namie. 'Nobody important', is what you *would* have said. I do see now that you're a lot more bitter about things than you would ever let on. Whatever made you that way? Tell us, was it your father, or your *mother* who was partially responsible for it?"

Shizuo's curiosity and attention was caught when Izaya tensed and glared at the woman right as his parents were mentioned.

"*Shut up.* If you knew what they were doing to me, Kururi and Mairu, you wouldn't be able to speak, you would be so shocked. I don't know you, but quite frankly, I'd be content if I never saw you again."

Looking back at a rather worried Shinra, he gave a small, but so terribly fake, smile. "Bye, Shinra..."

"Y-yeah, bye... I'll see you later..." Shinra mumbled, averting his gaze to the floor, nervously, deciding they both needed some space from each other. He had to trust Izaya, as he was an adult by legal standards, but there was still a gut feeling that he couldn't help but be at least a *bit* worried. And with that, the left, quietly closing the door behind him.

"What just-"

Upset, Shinra looked at Namie "Namie-san, why did you say that...?!"

Namie huffed, folding her arms. "Izaya's sister, Kururi told me about a minority of the stuff that was going on back then, such as the abuse. Sorry, but none of his problems are going to be solved if nobody knows. That's why I said that aloud. Are you going to say I'm *wrong*?" Namie challenged.

At that point, Shinra and she were in a sort of staring war, before Shinra finally gave in, knowing that she wasn't *that* wrong. "No, I can't deny it, but you didn't have to... Heh, Nevermind..."

"Hey, I was *speaking*. Abuse? Shinra, what is she talking about? That flea, he-"

"Shizuo-kun, since Namie-san has already confirmed some of it for you, I'm not gonna lie to you, but he's still my patient *and* my friend, because it's up to him if he *wants* you to know, so I'm not going to tell you a lot, but yes, both him and his twin sisters were abused by his father. He *said* his mother was always protecting them, but I actually think that there's more to it than just that. However, if you want to know anything else, you can asked Izaya's sisters, Kadota-kun, or... Izaya, *himself*, which would be the most considerate thing to do in this case. You wouldn't want him asking about things like that about you, 'behind your back' without your consent, would you?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right... Well..., since I figured that much out, I'm leaving now. I'm probably gonna need to go and smoke a whole carton of cigarettes, now..." Shizuo turned around to leave, but stopped as he could sense that Shinra wanted to say something. "...So, what is it you wanted to say?"

"You could tell? Ha, you're pretty whimsical, aren't you...?" Shinra said, before looking away.

"Shizuo-kun, I also think you and Izaya could've gotten along great with a different start, you know? So, please, do what can to make it right with him. I know it may be hard to like him at times, actually *very often*, but he's really *not* really *that* bad of a person. Just please... try to

get to know him, alright...? Neither one of you are that bad, and are just misunderstood. Maybe that's part of the reason I even became friends with you two, in the first place, even if I did say that it was because Celty had wanted me to make friends. But now that I think about it..., I just wanted to have people in my life that were misunderstood as well, just like me... Go on, now." Shinra let out a small laugh.

"Yeah, whatever... Maybe we're *all* broken, huh..?" Shizuo laughed back, their 'dispute' rather confusing to Namie, who just decidedly remained quiet until Shizuo had left as well.

"...Namie-san, um... I kind of need to call Celty. How about I talk to you later...?"

"Oh, I see... I'll leave then..." she mumbled, before doing so.

...

A Park In Ikebukuro

'It's getting dark...'

Izaya sat on a bench, playing and fidgeting with a flick-blade he'd discovered in one of his pockets, somehow or another just now. Actually, he didn't remember wearing this long fur-lined jacket before now, even if Shinra *had* said it was his.

Something about being able to hold this switchblade in his hands just felt... assuring of sorts to him, and it seemed... calming.

"Iza-nii...?" He looked over to meet the eyes of the last people he'd expected to see right then and there.

"Kururi? Mairu?" It *had* to be them. Granted, they *did* look a lot older than what he remembered, *but*.. so was *he*.

"Iza-nii! It *is* you! Where have you been up to now?! Why would you do that?! I demand a-" Mairu was already going off into a tangent when Kururi suddenly held a hand over her mouth. "Shh, people are watching, Mai-nee..."

Mairu reluctantly calmed down when she realized that Kururi was right and many people were indeed starting to stare. "Say, you two, why don't you two go elsewhere? I'm actually trying to calm myself down as of right now, but I don't really feel like talking about all of it, so just leave me right now, will you? Quite frankly, I need to clear my head from you two..."

"Iza-nii... stop..." Kururi mumbled, a hurt but determined look in her eyes.

"Stop saying things like that to push people away, already, and let someone in!" Mairu glared at him, however, with underlying worry still in her eyes and tone.

Irritated, but somehow... amused, Izaya just stared at them with uncertainty of what to even say. *'...Do they even know...?'*

He couldn't help but wonder.

~ End of Chapter.

A/N: What did you guys think? Good? Bad? Shizuo and Izaya will probably still have some fights, but they will still come along. Reviews are like cookies to me, and are greatly appreciated, okay? ^-^

Chapter 13

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 13

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!!/DRRR!!

What was he feeling after leaving Shinra like that, and being shouted at by him? Honestly, you could say there was a mixture of emotions that he was feeling, varying from anger, frustration, jealousy, and even underlying fear.

He was angry because Shinra wouldn't have snapped at him if Shizuo hadn't been there. He was frustrated because he didn't know why he'd even wanted to speak with so much hostility toward Shizuo in the first place, and why he, himself, couldn't just keep from escalating things. He was jealous because... he felt... betrayed, despite how childish and horrible that was, and he hated feeling that way. He was sure Shinra was probably mad at him now for being so hateful towards his 'guest'...

From what he could tell, Shinra wasn't the type to usually express in a typical way that he was angry about something. When he did, well, it was more discreet. Down deep, he still did hope Shinra would forgive him.

If not, well... he'd just be out of friends again, huh...?

Ha...

It wasn't like he wasn't used to *not* having 'friends', so... why did the thought alone of it hurt so bad? Maybe this was one of the reasons he'd decidedly (subconsciously) avoided making them up to the point that he and Shinra had supposedly formed that biology club. How ironic...?

Then it dawned on him; why was he *worrying*?

Why was he *letting* the idea of Shinra leaving him... *trouble* him so badly...?

He didn't care.

He *couldn't* care.

He would *never* care.

No...

He was just *unsuccessfully* trying to fool himself.

He *didn't want* to 'care', nor 'stress' about it but... he *did* 'care', and he *was* anxious about it.

And that's all there was to it.

And that scared him.

But... if Shinra didn't want to be around him anymore, then...

What was he even going to do?

Where *could* he go?

He was *afraid*.

No, he was absolutely *paranoid*...

Shinra couldn't be *that* mad at him, could he...? *Hah*, *no*, he couldn't... Shinra wasn't like *himself*.

Man, now he felt even worse. Why couldn't he be more like him...? Why was he selfishly hoping for someone out there to 'save him from himself', when he wasn't even able to push aside his own pride and sour attitude to actually be nice to someone for a change...?

He was so pathetic..., it made him sick even thinking about it...

Yet he could only *laugh* at his cowardice...

'Damn it...!'

Shortly after that, he'd came to a nearby park, and that was when his twin sisters had showed up. He was almost annoyed when they saw right through his act, mainly because... he hated receiving sympathy, especially from those younger than him, who knew *nothing*. Why they were such a headache to him, he didn't know, but maybe... he sort of 'yearned' to have been the kind of person they would have been able to actually look up to, and rely on.

The truth was he'd only ever given them cruel advice, and had he ever been there in a way that he should have; he was rather aware of that much. Perhaps it was the influence that both of their *'oh so dear'* parents had had on them. He didn't know. But once again, he couldn't help but, like some child 'wishing upon a shooting star', long to go back and changed that about himself, somehow.

"Hah, too late for that*..."* he thought bitterly to himself.

He was still rather amused by the twins' zeal and excitement at the moment, *but,* once again, *jealous* in many ways, as well- Namely, how they still found a way to want to 'help' him. He didn't even feel comfortable with it, because *he* was the oldest sibling, and *he* was suppose to be one to be there for *them*, whether he was or *not*. *Not* the other way *around*. They were *annoying* to him partially *because* of this.

And he had *just* the plan to avert their focus away from himself.

"Hey, Kururi, Mairu, would you by chance want to play a game against me?" Both of his sisters looked at him, an odd spark in their eyes.

"Game...?" Kururi tilted her head a little, curious.

"Iza-nii, what game do you mean?!" Mairu looked at him, pumped, already. Suddenly, he found himself oddly extremely o jealous of them. Why had nobody, not even their own mother, ever *once* went 'out of her way' to even play a simple game of tag, or throw-ball with her own son, or children, in all the time that she *was* around? He seriously felt like he was acting ridiculously childish right now, but he really *couldn't* help but hate and blame her a *bit* for that.

All was well though, because he would find and have his own fun *despite* her. *Hah*.

"A game of tag. Kururi is it. Is that-"

"No, Iza-nii."

"Huh?" Izaya studied Mairu with an odd look, suddenly feeling slightly distressed and... agitated, expecting that they had no interest in a 'child's game'.

"Iza-nii, 'we're one person. Don't you know? So if I'm it, Mai-nee is 'also' it, okay?"

"Oh..." Izaya decided to overlook her rather... weird statement, briefly wondering if they were now like that in the long run because of something *he'd* said to them, before he gave a fake but distinctive and out of place smile, scoffing.

"Well, that's fine by me... Either way, you *won't* be able to catch me. We'll start on the start on the count of three, ne?"

"Mm." Kururi nodded in agreement, to show she was fine with that.

"Sure! One..." Mairu smiled broadly.

"Two..." Kururi added.

"And three!" Izaya took off, most assuredly faster than the other two, and almost bumped in a pedestrian who was walking around. He appeared to be talking on his cell phone.

"Iza-nii! You can't cheat like that! You should slow down so we can get you easily!"

"Why would I ever want to let you win like *that~?* Why not you and Kururi try speeding up, *hm?!* You're just not fast enough to catch someone as skilled as me. You shouldn't have even agreed to play the game!"

"Actually, I'd condemn them either way... I really am horrible..."

"Tch..." Approaching a vending machine, somehow or another, he instinctively jumped up, easily pulling himself on top of it, and onto a random roof top, laughing at the exhilaration he was feeling 'in the moment'. Without thinking, he had pulled out his flick-blade, once again feeling comfort in holding it in his somewhat 'weak' hand.

Running across and jumping to another rooftop, he tried to leap again, but, somehow or *another,* mistook the top of a food-stand tent for a roof, and, at that moment, he immediately lost his footing and fell into it, hearing a woman's scream as he flipped forward, landing flat on his back, along with the green tent falling in his face.

For a second, his breath was practically knocked out of him, when he instinctively, though a bit painfully, got back up, simply apologizing, before he looked back over to see his sisters *still* chasing after him.

He turned around to take off again, planning to find a way to pay back the shopkeeper, with the horrified expression, later. At the moment, for once, this was actually rather fun, and he simply refused to 'lose' to *them*.

At that moment, however, two things happened.

One, he realized that there were only two 'people' playing this unfair 'game', and, two, he ran face-first straight into someone. And then he realized it wasn't just *someone*.

"*Ano*..., I-"

It was *him*, whom he once, and he was almost sure he still, hated.

Heiwajima Shizuo.

~ End of Chapter...

Chapter 14

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 14

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!

Okay, I can deal with writing and reading non-canon or minor characters being mean to canon characters, but it feels like it's myself being mean when it comes to canon characters. The thought of either Shizuo or Izaya getting psychologically hurt hurts me. Shinra as well. I think it's sad enough that Shizuo takes being slashed over and over with a 'smile' by the slashers, but will only ever show genuine 'anger' if it has something to do with his friends. He doesn't want credit for being a 'good person', which is why he just says 'see ya', and trots off after practically saving Anri's life. He tries to push people away because he knows he'll hurt them, while Izaya remains 'lonely' despite his attempts to connect to people in the only way he knows how. I'm wondering if the 'punishment' of locking Adabashi in his work place/apartment(?) Was a sort of foreshadowing on his own past in spite..., but that's probably just me. I do know that if someone was born in a secluded home and away from society even up until the age of 5, 6 or 7, it could potentially mess with their growth and development, because a child's growth depends on other 'beings' like themselves. And sooo, if he didn't have that exposure when he was younger, it would only make sense.

But it's stated that that's one reason why Izaya was jealous of Shizuo, was because Shizuo still made friends, even though he kept trying to push them away, yet Izaya had no friends other than Shinra and Kodota(?). He called them his friends because they were the only ones who were ever 'willing' to accept him, but they still were never extremely supportive to him, but rather out of obligation of sorts to those who cared about them. He didn't understand why, because his own view of being nice was... 'different' than theirs. And it frustrated and angered him. Hell, he probably wondered 'why' again and again with Shinra.

There are other things I would say, but I, myself, could just never once hate Izaya. He's too hated and accepting of it for me* to *hate him. T^T

Shizuo's a little better about 'speaking about his feelings', but I still love them both the same, because, as of what I can see, they're both more or less just as relatively frustrated with their life as the other.

?

"What the hell are you doing, *huh, flea?! Look what the hell you did to that woman's food stand?!"*

"Iza-nii! We caught you! Now you're it!"

"You're it..."

"Oh, Shizuo-san? Are you planning to beat him up like you always do? If so, we want to finish this game of tag with him. We were really having fun."

"Game of tag...? No I'm not planning to kill him *this* time, but... I want you two to leave, because, I'm gonna be... straightening things out here, but that may take a little while, and you'll just get really bored if you stay..."

"Um, okay, if you say so. See you later, Iza-nii."

"Sure... Bye, Iza-nii.."

"I want to go to Shinra-san. Maybe he'll know know something. Come on, Kuru-nee! Don't be so slow!"

"I'm not slow..."

And with that, they were gone, but he wasn't actually paying attention to anything at this point. Why did some of this feel so damn familiar?

Why couldn't he place it...?!

"Ha... ha... HAHAHA!"

He was now laughing but crying at the same time! What kind crazy person other than himself would do something like that.

Once again getting up, his anxiety level was skyrocketing, and it was both irritating *and* humiliating him. He despised this, and *Shizuo* didn't *deserve* to see his tears. Nobody did, other than Shinra, Ryuugamine and-backslash-or maybe even Kadota, who had actually been nice or at least *open* to him. He wouldn't allow any of these people to see how 'weak' he most assuredly *was not*. Plus, it was rather ridiculous of him *to* be crying, therefore he *wouldn't*.

Everything around him was irritating him, even the stares that he was getting from the gathering crowd around them, which would normally tend to intrigue him if it weren't for this situation being as it was. *"Damn it."*

"Look, flea-"

"I'm not a *flea*. Nor a pest of any kind I'll have you know, as I, myself, am just as human as *you* are, even if I would prefer to see you as nothing more than some monster." Izaya interjected, irritated.

"I don't know who you are," he continued, before Shizuo could say any more. "but, *hell*, I don't even *care,* now. Just quit *sniffing* me out, already. It's getting downright annoying. I don't like you and I never will, because you hated me from the very beginning. Why should I ever bother liking someone like that. Ma'am, I'll find a way to pay you back later for any damage I've caused your stand... Right now, I'm sort of out of money, you see... Something happened, as I don't even have a job, right now... Gomenasai..."

Turning around he met the face of the short curly brown haired woman at the stand, who still appeared to be frightened. "I know it's not a lot, but I'll do what I can to clean this up, alright...? What's your name?"

"E-*eeto*... It's Kyoune... I-I appreciate you helping me, Orihara-san... Not a lot of people would be willing to step out of their way to do something like that."

"It's really no problem." Izaya smiled back, catching a glance from Shizuo, as he successfully, somehow or another, managed to piece back together the legs of the tent, before picking up the fruit baskets that were spilled. Frustratingly enough, he had landed on a banana, resulting in his sleeve being covered both squashed fruit and dirt.

"By the way, do I by chance know you from somewhere...?" Izaya wanted to know.

"Oh? No, no. We've never talked to each other before, but I *have* seen you around here before," she explained. "and everyone seems to know you. You seem to have two beautiful younger sisters, too. They're usually always together, though."

"Oh, I see... *Arigatou gozaimasu*. *Ja ne*..."

The woman seemed to blush, before taking out a few Fuji apples of one of the recently semi-restored apple trays. "Wait, Orihara-san, take these. A man like you needs his nutrition. If you don't mind me saying this, you've got a pretty skinny frame, and you don't look like you eat much. Don't worry about paying for it. Just think of it as a gift for being nice alright? Do promise me you'll eat them, though, alright...?" She studied him, a little worryingly.

"Ah, arigatou..., Kyo-chan. Well, I'm going to go, now."

At that moment he knew Shizuo was eyeing him. There was an odd reminiscing look in his eyes, as if he'd been reminded of something. It was strange to himself, so he couldn't help but 'wonder' a bit. Not that he would ask. He didn't want to grow attached to anyone other than who he already had. And that was it.

"Of course. Do be safe. These areas can get dangerous at night, you should know."

"Hai..., I'll keep that in mind, miss. Arigatou. Jaa mata ne~" he chimed cheerily, bowing slightly, and then walked off. When he looked back, he instantly wish he *hadn't*, as he realized that *he* was following him. *"Damn it. Why won't that* protozoan *just leave me* alone*...?"*

"Just *why* are you *following* me?", he finally snapped, meeting his eyes in a demanding and agitated manner.

"I thought I already told you to leave me *be*. You're annoying." He glared.

"I'm following you around to make sure you don't cause anymore trouble. That's all." Shizuo said simply, equally returning the glare that was right then thrown at him without a second thought.

"I'm sorry, but... isn't that what you call harassment...?! Actually, you know what? Whatever... just don't speak to me, *Shizuo-kun*..."

And Shizuo seemed to be annoyed by that, but he did as asked.

What was he even thinking right now?

Part of Izaya couldn't help but wonder. The other part of him however... *Oh*, how it wanted to make him regret even *thinking* of following him, like some *'baby sitter'*...!

"Man, he really is annoying... Wonder if I can *lose* him...?"

However, at moment, he was too tired to try, and the consideration of Shizuo's strength... He didn't feel like it right now, despite how 'easy' it would probably be to stab that brute with his switch-knife.

"...Aren't you gonna wash that up?"

"Hm? Oh, this...?"

The banana from earlier; he'd nearly forgot.

They were right next to a bird bath monument, but was that really that sanitary for the birds? No, he also had his *scars* to worry about. He'd clean the jacket later at Shinra's or something, with no chance of someone seeing them. He really didn't want the chance of anyone seeing, knowing, nor asking. He just *didn't*.

Shinra's Apartment

"Izaya...? You're back!" Shinra smiled, opening the door.

"...Hey," Izaya averted his gaze slightly. "just making sure. You're not mad at me, by chance are you? Hah, you did yell at-"

"And I'm sorry for that." Shinra hugged him, before he could say anymore.

"I thought you were gonna take off or something. I'm really glad you pushed back that thought and was able to trust me at least a little for once. But Shizuo-kun is my friend, too. You may not believe me, but... both of you have been hurt and misunderstood in different ways. I hope you understand."

"...Yeah, it's fine. Actually, thank you for doing that, earlier, Shinra-kun..." Izaya mumbled, giving him a warm smile, before remembering something. "Oh, I was wondering. Could I by chance get this washed? Earlier, I was being rather stupid, and landed on a woman's banana... By the way, she also gave me some apples, if you want them..."

"Um... Sure, but I thought you liked apples?" Shinra looked at him in confusion, as he took the three brilliant red apples that was handed to him.

"Izaya, how much have you been eating...? I know I've said this before, but you seem to be even thinner than you used to be." Shinra was genuinely worried, and it regrettably started making him feel a bit guilty.

"Um, well-" he started to say, when he heard loud steps approaching them.

"Iza-nii!"

"You're back..."

"Oh, I forgot to mention. Kururi and Mairu were wanting to stay here tonight." Shinra told him, before suddenly glancing over at the banana stain on Izaya's left jacket sleeve nearly 'dangerously' close to Mairu's head.

"Say, Izaya, if you want me to take that jacket now, I can." He offered, startling Izaya.

"...No, how about in a little while? I don't want to take it off, right now..." he mumbled, gaining some glances from his sisters.

"Oh, well, okay, if you say so." and now Shinra was worried. However, while it probably was obvious, he chose to say nothing for right now.

"Iza-nii! We got you earlier, so now you have to get us!" Mairu exclaimed.

"You're it, Iza-nii, remember...?" Kururi added, studying him, as they continued to 'hug' him.

"Mairu, it's too dangerous to play tag in Shinra's house. And Kururi, you're right, but let's finish our game some other day, alright?"

"Oh, poo... Fine!"

"Okay..."

"Good..." Izaya sighed in relief at their decided cooperation, before making his way into the living room. "Why don't you sit on the couch for right now or talk to Shinra-san, hm~? I have to go change and use the bathroom~! Be right back~!"

"That's nasty, Iza-nii! We didn't need to know all that! You could've just left it at 'you'd be right back'!"

"Disgusting... Iza-nii..."

"Oh, but Mairu and Kururi, if I had just left it at that, you wouldn't have believed me~!"

"You're right! We wouldn't believe you, anyways!"

"Iza-nii lies..."

"It's so nice to know that I'm 'trusted' by my own family~! Ah well, seems I won't convince you otherwise, so I'll just ignore you, alright~?"

And with that, despite Mairu's obvious annoyance, he just turned around and left the room.

Shortly after, he'd changed into a long sleeve black shirt and a loose fitting pair of black skinny jeans, that he'd probably usually worn a belt with, finally bringing the jacket to Shinra, noticing that his sisters had fallen asleep in each other's arms on the couch. If he wasn't so conceited, he might even think it was sort of... cute.

Hah, as if he, being who he was, would admit to something like that.

"Hey," Shinra mumbled, taking the jacket from him. "Izaya-kun..., can I... see your arms...?"

"Um, I... What are you talking about, now? Didn't you already see them, when I... had that anxiety attack...?" Izaya tried to desperately reason, honestly suddenly 'afraid' of being judged in someway or another by the only person who'd ever called him his 'friend'. He didn't like this interrogation at all.

"Well, I did, but... you know I wasn't focusing on that at that time... It's not just now that I've wondering about them, either... Ever sense I met you, you never once allowed people the chance to share much physical contact with you. You always tensed up like you had something to hide, but whenever I asked anything, you always darted around it, by, in your own way, saying, *"It's really nothing. I just don't like sunlight, is all'*, or, *"I'm just really cold natured. I really do get cold, way to easily"*, even if you were sweating...! I am sort of curious about it, but... Izaya-kun, you really worry me, when I know all of that stuff was a lie. I know this stuff is personal, but... if you don't want to talk about something when it's hurting, then... please... tell me you don't want to talk about it, because... when you say it's fine, it's really not, and I can tell that it's hurting you to hold it in... And it also hurts me too..."

Great, now he felt *really* terrible. He was worrying Shinra, even though he'd been trying *not* to worry him. *Seriously*, he couldn't even do *that* right. What a piss poor excuse for a supposed *'friend'* he was, dragging him down like that...

He gave a small hurt and smile. "Shinra, to be honest... You're the only person who has ever actually been nice to me to this extent. I don't want to worry you..., but I just keep doing the opposite... ha..."

"That's part of having friends. We worry for one another. It's only natural, and... I'll never judge you, if that's what you think." Shinra smiled, in understanding.

"Then I must not know... what true friendship is..." Izaya mumbled. *'I really am such a horrible person...'*

"No, you're not...! Please stop saying that!"

He'd said that aloud? It hurt to think right now...

"Hah...! Then tell me how I'm *not* a horrible p-per-*monster* after everything I've done...! I practically drove numerous girls to suicide, and I even provoked Shizuo over and over again because more than likely I was just jealous. The truth was, he was more human than me, and I knew it so I envied him, and tried to provoke him into *killing* people because of that...! I

can't be fixed! Can't you see that...?! I'm already as broken as 'broken' can get, after all..." Izaya trailed off into silence, frustrated tears threatening to fall down his face.

"And you know what Shizuo and I think about that? We're *all* broken, Izaya. Heck, I somehow managed to fall in love with a headless woman, partially because... she was just like *me* in many ways... And that says enough about who I am. You're no different."

"Ha...Haha...!" Suddenly, he was laughing, as if the whole situation *comical* yet *again*. *God*, he was so screwed up, but maybe... Shinra was as well, and his sisters. Shizuo as well, even. Maybe that's why they all went hand in hand so well.

As if...

"Shinra...? Do you still want to see my arms...?"

"Hai..."

"I see... can you promise me something beforehand...?"

"Sure... What is it?"

"Promise me... you won't ever judge me for it, or leave me because of it, ne?" Izaya obviously didn't want to show him his arms, but he did, because for once, he was deciding to 'experiment' and actually put 'trust' into someone.

"Of course, I'd never leave you, even if Celty does keep saying it's problematic to be your friend. I can't just do that. It would be wrong, and I'd be hurting one of my only friends if I did. You know... I wouldn't be forgive myself for that." Shinra said a little shyly.

'Satisfied' enough with the response, he held out his arms, allowing Shinra to roll up his sleeves.

He turned away, not particularly wanting to see his friend's face.

"I suspected something of the sorta... Izaya, thank you for trusting me, again." He'd expected to get scolded or begged 'never to do it again', or even to possibly receive some sort of frustrating sympathy from him, but he was beyond confused and shocked when none of that happened and instead, Shinra just embraced him...

And when he *returned* it...

For once, he was content that someone, whoever it may be, understood him a little, and didn't just give up on him...

~ End of Chapter

Translations:

Jaa Matane(Jaa mata)- see you(informal)~

A/N: Whaaaat do you think? Can you guess what the 'apple scene' reminded Shizuo of? I'll give you a hint - think of... 'milk'. Where did Shizuo disappear to, anyway? Or did Izaya in the end decide to ditch him? :P Another realization for both parties. Terrible? I swear I tried. :P

Chapter 15

Story, Hope of Morning, Chapter 15.

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

This chapter may seem sort of ooc, at first, but the conclusion of the chapter will make up for it I hope?

Hey(NOT in the context of this fanfiction, but otherwise-), I'm curious. Am I the only one who sort of wants to ship Izaya and Namie? [I still can't help but snort when Namie goes into 'Seiji' mode even if it is kind of disturbing, considering her usual grumpy personality xD] Izaya's 'broken joker' demeanor seems at least a little unsettling and 'disturbing'/'revolting' to her, yet she still stays around(I'm* almost *sure that she would have 'other means' of keeping up with news/info about Seiji, though the Izaya route is quite honestly the easiest and most convenient(?) way for her), and, unless I'm wrong, she seems to be one of the only ones who's actually able to see right through to his "loneliness" and "jealousy"(beside of Simon, Shinra, and maybe Dotachin(I still don't get the full deal with Mikage, as I haven't read* that *much into her), of course).

Not only that, but she also appears to be able to tell, at least to some degree, that his 'trouble making' acts are actually acts of "attempting to fill his pitiful void", or should I say, "to be a part of people's lives, whether hated or liked by them, rather than being left out of things like 'always', even if he knows he's seriously testing people's patience by doing that"...? xD/T^T I'm really just curious, of course what you guys have to say to that. xD)))

?

"Orihara-san, take these. A man like you needs his nutrition."

A single line; and he felt like he was suddenly getting a bad and horrifying sense of deja vu all over again.

"Here. Drink some milk, so you can grow stronger, and you as well..."

"If you don't mind me saying this, you've got a pretty skinny frame and you don't look like you eat much."

"Hey, you... You're always getting yourself injured, aren't you? Are you alright?"

He suddenly didn't want to hear anymore, but he couldn't just tune them out, so he only stood there, watching. He didn't know why he couldn't bring himself to just *leave*, already.

"Don't worry about paying for it. Just think of it as a gift for being nice, alright? Do promise me you'll eat them, though, alright...?" A look of worry, just like back then. *Damn it.*

"Ah, arigatou..., Kyo-chan. Well, I'm going to go, now." And just as *he* had back *then*, Izaya had *also* seemed to have a glint in his eyes that said that he didn't want to hurt her or get her involved in his life either, even if he *was* appreciative of her kindness, down deep. And he could only stay silent, for the time being, not even knowing *what* to say, now.

"Of course. Do be safe. These areas can get dangerous at night, you should know." Again, she was worried, and Izaya seemed to know that, but... did he know why she would worry for *him...*?

Did he, *himself,* know why...?

No. He didn't like Izaya at all, but even though this whole time, he knew it *was* Izaya - always had been, always would be, why couldn't he just go through with finishing him off after seeing a tad bit of 'humanity' in him that didn't even have much of a worth as far as he would normally consider it to be. Usually, he would refer to it as nothing more than Izaya just kissing up to earn someone's trust for the sole and cruel purpose of breaking them and watching them suffer later, but something, down deep, annoyingly made him want to think otherwise.

...Why, though...?

"Hai..., I'll keep that in mind, miss. Arigatou. Jaa mata ne~"

He didn't know..., but he just decided to follow behind, considering he had nothing better to do, *anyway*. Down deep, he almost hoped Izaya would try and provoke him so he could know he was 'wrong' about all of it.

"Just *why* are you *following* me? I thought I already told you to leave me *be*. You're annoying." he felt his stomach sour at the unexpected glare he suddenly received. Izaya never really glared or did something like that. It was so direct, it couldn't be him. He really *wasn't* the flea bastard he'd mutually wanted to spend his life pounding into the dirt ever since they laid eyes on each other. Yet, this was Orihara Izaya, all the same.

Suddenly annoyed, in finally realizing that he truly forgot everything, *after all*, he glared in equal measures to that which he was receiving from the other. He didn't really care about it *that* much, did he?

"I'm sorry, but... isn't that what you call harassment...?! Actually, you know what? Whatever... just don't speak to me, *Shizuo-kun*..." he instantly wanted to beat the living shit out of him, but something was still preventing him from doing so. Why couldn't he just kill him, this time? It sure would be as easy as hell to do so, after all. *Damn that bastard for forgetting me...!*

Soon, for once not even wanting to oddly use violence, he just... decided to say something 'sociable' for once to *Izaya,* to see, out of a sort of slight curiosity, even though he was still in a rather... *foul mood*, what would happen.

Referring to the squashed, and unidentifiable, fruit on the other man's sleeve, he muttered a question.

"...Aren't you gonna wash that up?"

"Hm? Oh, this...? ...No, I'll clean it up later..."

And he was *mortified* when he *didn't* receive some kind of snide remark from the black haired man, considering how rude he'd likely sounded. In fact he was almost shocked when a melancholic-backslash-guilty look flashed over his still-to-be-and-always-most-certainly-would-be-once-certain-memories-returned mortal enemy's features. To be honest with himself, that was one of the only times he'd ever seen such a relatively *humane* expression from him, and for some unknown reason... it didn't feel right at all to him.

"...I'm leaving. See you later." was all he said, before grumpily and spitefully just *walking off*.

He didn't look back, either, because, suddenly, he was... too bitter to want to see him *ever again* as of right then, yet he didn't even know *why*.

...

As he laid on his bed that night, the reasons dawned on him, just like that, and he knew why he couldn't 'just push those damned memories back from his mind, all together', even if he didn't even want to think, right then. *That* had brought up memories he'd constantly wanted nothing more than *to forget*, and the fact that he was even associating them with that *flea* was really pissing him off, and *quickly, too*.

He held up his hand, staring at it in the darkness.

"Why can't I just forget that *day*...? And all of the other ones. Curse me already, god. Let me forget it all, just like *that bastard*, why don't you...?" he hissed in frustration, barely able to hold back the urge to punch or break something at the moment, as self-loathing *tears* started gathering, threatening to fall from his eyes.

What was he saying, now...? He didn't even believe in a god, much less a 'miracle', considering he'd only ever faced bad luck in one or another throughout his entire life. Every time he'd ever tried to go and be nice, something had always came up and he'd always end up hurting someone he cared for, making him and everyone else forget any good things he'd ever done, and any level of satisfaction he'd been able to feel. That was why he always kept trying to push people away, was because he would only ever end up hurting them, *and himself,* in the long run.

He just wasn't *allowed* to be happy by trying to make *other* people happy, even *Kasuka*, and he'd long sense realized that, even if he *did* care and hate that fact. Still, it wasn't like he didn't have *any* 'coping skills', to deal with his frustration. When he wasn't being violent, he was just *smoking*. In fact, in the end, *smoking*, he'd realized might even be his only other 'escape' from this world. He was most assuredly addicted to it, by now, though, considering it was pretty much tearing his lungs to pieces.

Suddenly, his *body* was recalling feelings of frustration, shame, hurt, depression, and internalized rage exactly like he'd felt back then - and he couldn't hold it back.

After everything Izaya had said to him, and directly *and* indirectly *done* to provoke him..., after all those years he'd spent hating him - that they had spent hating *each other*, what the *fuck* had all of it even been for, if Izaya was just going to end up like *that*? What had even caused it? Shinra wouldn't answer him and that, alone, had managed to piss him off even more right now.

He didn't care at all about that guy, yet somehow, for some shitty reason, he wanted to know who Izaya actually even *was*.

And suddenly, nothing was making sense to him. He couldn't seem to figure out what he was even feeling about it all now, *and it wouldn't leave his mind*... Quite frankly, well, that both irritated and *maddened* him.

He'd always thought he'd finally be content if he could just kill that bastard *dead*, but now..., he suddenly dispassionately felt like he wouldn't be all that pleased about killing him, after all.

Then then *revolting* realization hit him. At least, with Izaya's existence..., he, *himself*, wasn't the *only 'monster'* in the world. At that moment, he cursed, more tears welling up, as he was actually... 'grateful' for him still being alive, in that way. And a bitter-backslash-sick sense of euphoria came upon him. He smiled to himself right then and there, depressed, angry, and *frustrated.*

"I hate Izaya, and really resent the things he's done to me, and yet... I'm just as bad as *him*, if not worse, but I didn't want to see that before now. Hah, I didn't even give him a chance...! Damn it all! I can't cry like this! Damn it!"

He then punched a nearby mirror which he had received a while back as a gift from his mother, watching as it shattered into hundreds of pieces, and as those many pieces fell all over the floor. He always hated seeing his reflection at times like this, anyways.

Besides, he knew that what he'd just done to that mirror was practically no different than what he'd done to his body over and over and over again.

"Damn my life to hell, already... We could have been friends from the very beginning. Shinra-san was right... I now see that, but I *didn't* want to accept that before... I swear to him... He may be an asshole, but knowing *Izaya*..., he may already *know* that's he one and just gave up on even trying to control it, exactly like me."

He smirked, then was slightly satisfied as a thought came to mind. "I will do something about that annoying and shitty attitude of that flea if it's the last thing I even do...! Hah...haha..."

Yeah, he'd find a way alright, to make Izaya's parents pay, as well. *They* would have a *load* of shit coming to *them*...

~ End of Chapter

A/N: I feel like this sucked, but I tried. I need some experience with writing about Shizuo. I understand his character well enough, but writing it in his words is hard for me. T^T Anyways, what does everyone think. At least say you liked it or something, please...? With cherries on top~?

Chapter 16

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 16

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!!

"This *is* rather uncomfortable, but it wouldn't have been nice at all if Shinra had had to sleep on the floor because of me... This *is his* house, after all..." At about two in the morning, because the twins had pretty much claimed-backslash-what-he-would-call-stolen the couch, Izaya, dispassionate about it at first, ended up sleeping on a futon Shinra had kindly offered him. The doctor had gotten a call about an unconscious patient, and had had to get up with Celty.

Shinra *had also* offered to let him use his bed, while he, himself, would be willing to sleep on the floor because he would probably be up for quite a while, anyway, but he'd surprisingly (or it was surprising to himself, anyway) turned down the offer.

Strangely something inside of him, even if he likely *would* have *used* to, just didn't want to see himself doing that, or rather, doing it to *Shinra; someone who had been nice to someone like him... Or*, rather, maybe it was that he suddenly didn't want Shinra to think of him as an insensitive person, but a person who was at least *trying* to be a good friend, in return for being a good frienhttp://archiveofourown.org/works/5390963/chapters/newd, once again, to someone like him.

Still could Shinra just be playing the 'Good Samaritan' role, because nobody else would...?

If *that was* what it was, could he, somehow or another, still be grateful for that, or was Shinra actually acting because he genuinely 'cared'...?

...Man, he really *was* horrible. Here he was, *once again* comparing Shinra to himself. What was he thinking...?! His heart had somewhat accepted that, down deep, he *yearned* to be more like Shinra, yet here his mindset was wanting to make him 'think' of Shinra as being as unable to love in a positive way simply because he was like that, himself. What was he feeling right now, then? What did his heart... really want...? To start over...? Yeah, that had to be it...

"Still, is it possible that even someone like Shizuo *and* I, *of all people, could... do something like starting over and actually...* get along*...?"*

He began to ponder of all of the things and feelings that had recently transpired both within him and around him. He didn't really know what all he was thinking anymore. Reawakened thoughts and even vague memories of his life back in elementary school and... his grandparents were suddenly filling his head.

As far as he was *concerned*, they were all relatively pointless 'memories', but, nonetheless, there was simply something about them that was making him want to stubbornly continue to 'brood' and 'reflect' over the past, like some old man thinking over the lost lives of his family, and as if he would somehow even 'remember something'. He knew he likely *wouldn't,* but... *damn*, he just couldn't seem to pull himself out of his thoughts...

Why *was* that...?

Perhaps he wanted to remember, *himself*, who he was before all of this, so, he could finally know and personally understand how to deal with these odd and... vexatious people, like that woman named Namie, Shizuo, Kadota, Mikado, even the woman(Kyoune) from the food stand, Shiki, Kururi and Mairu..., Shinra and even the 'dullahan' who was most assuredly headless.

And about Celty, it wasn't that he couldn't deal Shinra falling in love with her..., but regarding the fact that something which wasn't even human like that was still able to find 'love'...? It was completely absurd and incomprehensible to him and he couldn't understand how *she* could, but *he* couldn't, even if he was closer to 'human' than *she* was. And... Well, that frustrated him. Not only that but thinking back on some of the things he'd done to provoke her, personally, to make her leave Shinra, almost for the sole purpose of controlling and... 'experimenting'. It wasn't like that he felt anything for Shinra other than genuine respect as 'nakama'... but, still, the fact that it wasn't even a normal human corpse that he had gained feelings for just... frustrated him...

He didn't *like* feeling this way, so why...? He really hated feeling so possessive over something so *stupid*, but then he realized 'why'- it was nothing more his simple obsession with what 'real humanity' was that had caused that.

He didn't completely know why, or if it was just his imagination, of sorts, but... all of them seemed to know him rather well but each in 'different ways', so he would only be (painfully) lying to himself if he dared try to say it *didn't* trouble and agitate him a bit. But naturally he could only be irritated at himself in the end.

Suddenly managing to hear the front door opening and Shinra calling out Celty's name, as well a disturbing cough, he easily recognized it as Shinra having just been punched in the stomach by Celty.

That's when he heard a quiet girl's voice next him.

"Iza-nii...?" It was Kururi's voice. When did she-?

"Can we sleep with you, Iza-nii?" He then noticed Mairu was standing there as well. Seriously, now, when did *both of them-?*

"Kururi...? Mairu? Why? I thought you two were having fun sleeping on the couch, considering you *did* steal it from me, after all..." he feigned sulking, looking away.

"We weren't sleeping..."

"Iza-nii, you're just too gullible to realize that we were acting the whole time...!"

"Iza-nii is easily fooled...

"So, then, you... *heard* us?" Now he felt anxious and out of character, as well as truly out of place in this entire situation. Once again, he was suppose to be the older sibling, and, yet, he had probably said some horrible things to them as well, considering some of the details of their 'fluctuating relations' of which Shinra or Kadota had told him about...

He immediately grew sick at the thought of anyone, much less *them*, 'comforting' him. He didn't need, more importantly want, it. The concept of it was just so wrong to him, and he didn't it at all deserve, nor, once again, *want* any meaningless empathy, either. Anyway, there was was nothing about it that anyone could ever 'understand', he was sure. He didn't want their 'help' at all.

Why was he getting so irritable, all of a sudden?

"Of course."

"Hm."

"Well, that's nice to know..."

Had Shinra asked them to do that...? No, surely... even *he* wouldn't have been smart enough to predict that he, himself, would have actually opened up to all of that, because he could just see it in his friend's eyes that he was trying to get him to let others in, but still wanted him to go at his own pace, and was letting him do so with a little bit of reassuring every once in a while. The fact was - Kururi and Mairu could be more secretive than they knew. What was rather *worrisome* to him about it was the fact that they seemed to be able to communicate with each other, somehow, without even having to use words to do so.

"Won't you leave alone, now, and bother me some other day...? I'm really tired, and I don't want to talk, right now." He smiled peeking though the open slits in his eyes.

Well, he could have gotten out of it if he had wanted to..., but evidently he just didn't feel like it, right now...

"That's fine with us."

"You can just listen, Iza-nii."

He was immediately feeling sour with himself when Mairu utterly 'ignored' his request to even leave it be, and lied down on his left side and Kururi then lied down on his right side.

"Did they not even hear me, or did they both just choose to 'listen' but ignore my own wishes, regardless...? This is annoying, I swear... Looks like I can't get out of this, though...", he thought, realizing they were doing exactly what he'd done so many times to people, before, and now he felt bad, but also a bit unwilling to accept this if that's what they were trying to do.

Once again, he was older than them. It wasn't right for them to be 'teaching' him anything, whether intentional or not. That's the way his father would have though about it before, anyway... Wait...

Wait...!

Why the hell had he dared to think like that bastard...?! In truth, he most assuredly *did* hate him, and wanted nothing more than to see him suffer, and even possibly lock him into a room and just let him *starve*, and simply let his mother witness from afar to *prove* how much he hated him, yet, all those years and even now, here he had been following in his footsteps, somehow or another.

And he started to hate his very existence just that much more. Was Shizuo the reason he was feeling this way...? Or was he really just sour at the world like Namie had said...? He didn't know...! He didn't know why he was like *that...!*

"Izaya-nii, don't hide your pain..."

"We don't want to see you hurt, Iza-nii."

"Cry already, Iza-nii."

"Kururi and Mairu, you should know my tears have already been cried out, by now... And to be honest-"

"We blame and hate mother and father for that, but we do still love Iza-nii, no matter what he said to us, because we understand, at least some... Do you know that...?" Mairu averted her gaze, placing her left palm over Izaya's left eye.

"Yeah, even though Iza-nii may not think of Iza-nii as deserving of people who can somehow love and accept him, and even if he doesn't think of me and Mai-nee as anything different than anybody else, regarding letting us in..." Kururi then placed her right hand on Izaya's right eye, where, together, both girls were now covering his face.

He found it surprising, and don't know what think. But... he'd asked Shinra to do the same before, so he was the only who knew, or at least he thought.

"Even so," Mairu added. "we still think of Izaya-onii-san as an equal brother and our family, alright?"

"Okay...?"

Izaya was ultimately silent after that, pulling their hands off of his face, studying their expressions.

"You know..." he finally mumbled. "I don't understand you two, but... thank you..."

He then shifted, softly wrapping his arms around their necks, before pulling them both close to his chest...

And for once in is his life, he was really *embracing* someone both *physically* and *emotionally* and not just because of his unilateral love for humans.

Simply because it... felt right to him.

He *was*... happy, but... somehow... still... somewhat troubled, in the end.

Why *was* that...?

"We're not two, Iza-nii. Remember...?"

"Yeah, Iza-nii, we're o-...!"

"*One*; I *know*, I *know*. Sorry..."

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What did you all think~? This will probably have been the first time (as far as I know) that Izaya had ever actually hugged or shown appreciation for his sisters. So of course he's a bit melancholic for not knowing they* had *truly loved him, regardless, after all.

Me: "Izaya-sama, get better, already! Your fans all love you, and want you to! They need to love them back again and be proud of yourself, as well." T^T

Izaya: "I see, Author-san. Since you seemed so determined to turn me a 'good' person, I might just consider it in the end, ne...?"

Me: *Yes* , you *will* become a 'good person' by many human standards, whether you like it or not! You hear me?" *hugs*

Izaya: ...Well now... What do my fans have to say about that one, I wonder...

Jaa matane~!

Chapter 17

Story: Hope of Morning, Chapter 17

- About Izaya's 'amnesia', you could possibly say maybe his memories were 'sealed off' or something, and Shinra would be liable to recognize something like that, giving off... certain similar vibes to... someone like Celty, or... Anri *cough*. However, being Shinra, either way, he wouldn't bring up 'supernatural' stuff right away want to freak Izaya out into thinking one of them are delusional. But there was also a small time skip of a few weeks, so he may known more than he was letting on, so I do sorta have a reason for all of what I'm doing, I think xD

- About Shiki from Awakusu-kai..., I have been doing some of my own research on the dreadful history and huge influence of from the Yakuza on daily Japanese lifestyle, government and culture in general, for the sole purpose of this story(as well as some other minor other things and I do have plans for him. Plus, you also have to consider he's not the 'Oyabun', so... he, too, has someone he has to stand up to, right...? Maybe, he doesn't actually mind Izaya all that much, in the end, even if he still doesn't like him that much. In Light Novel Volume 9, he'd actually admitted that Izaya wasn't the type to give in to torture, and said that Izaya also had a lot of connections, so if he just killed him, He also knows that one of their best chains of information would gone. Hope I explained some of that. And about any spelling errors, I try to correct them when I see them, so yeah xD

Again, thank you all, so so much for supporting this! X3

He was walking.

He was in a secluded and seemingly endless alley way. All of his surroundings were dark and almost what he would currently consider 'colorless'. That's all he knew.

As he continued to walk, he heard voices; *Familiar* voices, and none other than Kururi's and Mairu's, to be exact.

"Ah, here! Here! Iza-nii! Hey! Izaaa-niii!"

"Brother..."

He then turned around, and there they were.

He hadn't expected it. He would've thought Mairu was just going to attempt to kick him from behind, and to tell him to 'die'; like always.

"Ah, what's with you two? It's unusual for you two to actually greet me before you kick me."

He felt himself give a fake, but rather 'in character', smile, with no reasoning behind it. He didn't even fully know why, but something was making him feel bitter and was greatly irritating him. However, oddly enough, seeing them there hadn't even managed to increased

his negative feelings and, instead, had somehow even *lessened* them, you could say, not that he particularly knew(or wanted to accept) why. It wasn't like they were 'happy' to see *him*, he knew. Not that he particularly minded Kururi or Mairu *that* much...

- No, he knew why they were there.

"I finally saw a new side of you today, Iza-nii! You told that Headless Rider to protect Kuru-nee, didn't you?!"

"Really...?"

He now was feeling resent for their appreciation of his 'act of a normal sibling' and wanted nothing more than to prove them wrong. He didn't like people calling him a good person like that, when it came to his annoying head-splitting sister - Kururi *and* Mairu in equal measures. If the twins were allowed to 'sell' him as one, then it made no difference if he did the same, did it...? Yet, he would just be judged, either way.

Considering he wasn't *allowed* to care about them, he would never admit that he in any way, shape or form did, would he...?

"Screw them...! Prove them wrong, and be 'honest' and tell them your real intentions, so you can know...!" he told himself, as 'calm' and easily collected as possible.

"Alas, that is so flattering of you, but the truth is that I simply used you to because I needed an excuse to keep the Headless Rider away when I had to be doing something one must never know about."

It was the truth in his mind at the moment, so surely they would just 'leave him be', and accept that he was just a plain horrible person.

After exchanging a glance however, the twins, for some uncomprehending reasoning, smiling at him, and they actually looked *innocen*t, for once.

"That's fine with us, Iza-nii! Thank you."

"Thank you..."

Izaya didn't know what to think, and grew even more bitter, yet... numb, at how they still didn't seem phased by the fact that they were being used. Were they trying to 'get him to trust them'?

Them being there, to him, was almost like showing off the fact that they had been able to learn what 'trust' *was* and accept it even though he, *himself*, had no *need* for 'trusting' or 'bonding', after what had likely happened between him and Shinra...

Just what were they there for...? Just by concern, of some sort, in their mind, but... their presence was obviously there, just to 'mock' him.

It was not that he cared what they might happened to have to say, unless of course, they decided to... 'raise their voice'. Then he would most assuredly plant his own opinion into

them.

"It's so hard to predict your thoughts, you know." He said, showing his amusement, despite his irritation with himself.

"That's just because you're not honest with us, Iza-nii."

He didn't what to say.

Mairu and Kururi then pulled closer beside him. As they walked, his 'smile' quickly growing more poignant and intentionally rude, hoping that they would just *leave him already.* He sort of wished to have the freedoms of Shizuo to punch and throw things to let out your feelings, at least to some degree, but reconsidered the thought immediately, remembering that Shizuo was not even 'human' by his standards, so it would be redundant and harmful to do something like that. Shinra had sad that Shizuo's body was constantly tearing down but also rebuilding at the same time, much like a monster, and... well, *he* wanted to live as long as he could - however long that may be, so throwing things, like that monster, Shizuo, in his *own* case, it would only risk him coming closer to death or getting utterly paralyzed from the neck down. So he refused to do either, included - *as annoying as his technical 'humanity' may be at times...*

"Say, Iza-nii, we know you probably don't treat us any differently as you treat other people, but keep in mind that we still think of you as family, OK?" Mairu, who was walking beside him at his right, said.

Feeling oddly disturbed, he couldn't find the line to be something Mairu would have normally ever said to him, even if they had came there for the purpose of which he had assumed, as, *again*, she just always attempted to or had kicked him, telling him to "Die!", every time she saw him.

However he was suddenly mortified, in a way, when he gazed down at them to see that they were only *still* smiling innocently at him, like they didn't have spiteful ideas in mind, after all. Or was it really that?

"All of a sudden, you're saying things that would actually make me happy. What happened?"

"So if you do get killed by Shizuo-san, Iza-nii, we'll make sure to cry a little bit for you, before laughing about it."

"Just a little..."

Had they read his thoughts...? They were just doing this to play the good ol' game, "An Eye for an Eye", and irritate him, after all, weren't they...?

"I was a fool to expect any family love from you two..."

Some people could say that laughter was a reaction to two things; when you think something is funny, you express it through laughter, but not as many people are as aware that 'laughter' can also be reaction to dealing with 'stress' and 'anxiety', as well. But, to be honest those were

the most common, and Izaya had laughed and laughed and laughed, before, but it wasn't something he did because something was funny - he did it when he was excited, anxious, nervous, shy(which had only been so he couple times when he was so much, younger, need he remind himself), and even when he became irresolute, for a change(which, once again, was utterly rare). It wasn't always the same reaction he gave to all that, but..., this time, it *was*, and it was all he could do...

He chuckled, realizing how pathetic it was to have expected any kind of actually 'family love' from *them*, and considering that he never gave them same, he didn't even *deserve* it, but he couldn't deny(at least to himself) that it still did hurt him, a bit.

And he had nobody but himself to both confide in and blame for all of that, so he just had to go with it.

Still... it *hurt*, and a lump in his throat almost stopped him from speaking when he had sped up, even though Mairu had still somehow managed to notice his now swollen hand which he'd recently slammed into a telephone pole.

"What happened, Iza-nii? Your right hand looks swollen." she asked.

"Are you alright...?" Kururi was worried, too, it seemed, even after all he'd done and said to them...? No way... this was so sad, it was laughable.

Patting her head, and because he didn't particularly want to talk, anymore, he just decided to, once again, frame his inhuman mortal rival for some, whether it was small or not- he had done it so many times before, so now was no different, as far as he could allow himself to be concerned.

- And he sighed.

"Yeah, I got this when I was running away from Shizu-chan."

Fortunately, for him, the only time he was such a bad liar was at times like this that somehow or another in sounding convincing, even in the most simplistic of ways, and anyway, it wasn't like anyone could prove him *wrong*, either *way*.

"So you deserved it, after all-" one them started to say. Yes, he did deserve it, but Shizuo could deal with what he had gotten, because at least he had people who cared for him, where he himself, did not. Seriously, now, even his own 'blood'...?

"Keep away from muscle idiots like that one. Or you could die, you know." He didn't want to willing hand over the only people might have once had in is life to someone who was almost just as 'cruel' or 'twisted' as himself, and even lonely, in a way, with how, despite his own attempts at 'connecting' to people in the only way he knew how, and Shizuo still made *inseparable* friends despite trying to push them away. How was Shizuo allowed to comprehend a bond with another person, and he wasn't? He didn't particularly enjoy envying that brute, at all. In fact, he'd prefer more than anything to be able to forget him all together.

- But he *couldn't*.

...

His eyes opened.

He couldn't bring himself to talk.

He'd somehow remembered some stuff.

"That dream... Is the reason I can sort of remember more about them, now... because I've been able to come to terms with the fact that they do care, and even I care for them, in some weird way...? And I don't want to... 'lose' them...?" He stared at the ceiling, noticing they were still nearly dead asleep in his arms.

"Hah... I'm thinking a bit weird, even for me. There's no way that's why... It has to be nothing more than a coincidence. Hm.. They... really must have been tired, though, huh...?"

A *'coincidence'*...? What was he thinking? There was no way it was that, was it...?

He closed his eyes then. If that had been it, then was there still some reason he hadn't nearly remembered Shinra, or... Namie... or Shizuo..., or many of the others. Was it only people he'd really had a personal attachment(both good and bad) with...? So why couldn't he really remember anything much even past entering Raijin Junior High...?

He had been recalling very vague things here and there, but... was not recalling enough to put a face to a name. What could've been all of the full reasons he even had amnesia, after all...?

What it just the combination of some sort of mental 'trauma', and a failed attempt at suicide, or was there something more to it...?

Honestly, just having woken up, as he *had*, so many inquiries and thoughts were filling up his mind, that he couldn't help but wonder, before he somehow and evidently fell asleep again.

The next thing he knew, he was being repeatedly shaken by someone.

"Iza-nii! Iza-nii! Wake up!"

"Please get up, Iza-nii... Mai-nee, don't be so loud..."

"Kururi... Mairu... What time is it...?"

"It's time for you to get up; that's what time it is!"

"Iza-nii is lazy..."

Sigh. They hadn't answered his question.

- Then again, did *he* ever even answer his own questions, much less, *theirs*...?

No... He didn't... He really was such a hypocrite. Maybe, perhaps, he needed to work on that... *Ha*...

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What did you guys think. The dialogue(alone) all the way down to when he woke up actually came from Volume 9, by the way. I just added my own (many) interpretations of Izaya's thoughts in it, so yeah, please..., do tell me what you think...? =w=

Chapter 18

Hope of Morning, Chapter 18

Disclaimer: I don't own Durarara!/DRRR!

Warnings: Possibly some somewhat... triggering content, and... minor disturbing details and Semi-OCs, sort of...?

Also, please don't tell me that an attempted war on the Yakuza is not 100% possible in the Durarara series, and considering some of Kujiragi's motives, this is sort of different, but still possible, to a degree.

By, the way, does anybody know what became of Nakura after Volume 9? I know, I'm stupid for not knowing(if I should). :P

An Underground Passage Way, Somewhere Beneath Tokyo.

About fifteen or sixteen people, who were probably all at least eighteen years of age and above, and were all wearing white T-Shirts, sat in dimly room.

There were some tables, chairs, and other furniture around the room, but parts of the floor and walls appeared to be rather rotted, possibly due to water damage.

"So will somebody please explain to me how were going to get to *him* of all people, and even the others? Orihara has dealings with the Yakuza as well and among some of them, you all know how skilled and respectable he is." One fairly average looking man with brown hair and black glasses asked.

"Leave Orihara Izaya, Karisawa Erika and Yumasaki Walker to us. You all take care of Ryuugamine Mikado, and Kuronuma Aoba as well as his little gang. If I must remind you, because one of you don't remember, they trashed some of our dear friends a while back, and we need to have a little talk with them him. Use whatever means necessary to get them to come here. From what we do know, they were originally from the gang 'Blue Square', and were a rival gang to the 'Yellow Turbans'. There aren't very many of them that we know of, now, but regardless, they are not to be underestimated no matter what. I don't know much of Kuronuma's network of information, nor where he gets it from, but he may even already know about us, and some of our plans to approach him, so use precautions and be as careful as possible.

After everything we've been through with the Yakuza, Heiwajima Shizuo, and some of those other bastards, mostly thanks to Orihara Izaya, we're going to get back at him for all of the things in the past that he's at least indirectly done to tear this group apart, which all of you know he's done.

I lost both my brother, sister and the majority of my intimate family to the Yakuza as a result of someone falsely framing my parents for 'selling out information about them'. I detest even the thought of some of those people, and I demand to find out who is behind it. While we may still have to go to Shiki from Awakusu-kai, without somehow or another being discovered, to buy some certain information about them, we won't do it unless we have to. Either way, if it will help us get at least a little justice and empathy in this country, we as a former group of Dollars and Yakuza must be willing to risk anything and everything for our overall goal. Does everyone understand that?!"

Three or four of them just nodded, obvious uncertain tension still thick in the air.

It almost seemed like his reasoning was a bit twisted, as far as outsider would be considered. Everyone was silent, until another one, a slightly larger and more muscular, man, with tattoos visible all the way up and down his arms and clearly they beyond just that. Covering his right eye was a bandage, and all of his hair was combed back, and looked slick and flattened.

"Sako-san, mina-san, if you don't mind me saying something," all of them were now looking at him, as he held up his hands-

To reveal that three of his fingers in total were gone and scarred over. To anyone on the outside people might just assume that they had been cut off, but everyone had a grim look in their eyes which showed they all knew the true story behind it, because they themselves could even somehow relate and had dealt with something very similar. They all understood what he was going to say, but they listened anyway.

"All of us started this gang because every single of us has lost something personal or otherwise. All of us lost things before we became members of the Yakuza, and lost things due to Yakuza and other gangs. We also lost things to escape the Yakuza as well. And all of us created this gang because we refuse to forget the many lives and our many friends and family that were taken by them.

We're here because we, as dwellers, refuse to just move forward and allow innocent people, including ourselves that were dragged into that dragged into that mess, to die and lose things at their hands in vain. I don't know about any of you all, but I, Shokou Yugari, am ready to give up my life to bring at least a little light and justice to what they're doing."

He looked around, studying their expressions, as a deep and stomach turning tension then filled the air.

"I, Makibara Sei, will as well." Another man, who had longer black tousled hair and was wearing greenish blue shades rose his hand, standing up.

"Us, too," three girls at one of the very back of the room, said, standing in unison, doing the same.

"The Yakuza and Orihara deserve to rot... I'll kill him, *myself,* if I have to." Another one growled, standing up."

One after one, everyone stood up, holding up their hand to reveal at least one missing finger except for two of youngest in there.

"...To be honest, I value my life. I joined this gang, because after nearly losing my life and somehow surviving, I had heard that the Dollars had taken down some of the Yakuza down, I... I guess I was happy about all that, because I knew I didn't have to fight them, and that maybe I could actually be a part of something since that. It was my fault for getting letting myself get involved with them in the first place. To all of you, apposing the Yakuza is only going to get you killed. Don't you know that they are they even larger than the Italian Mafia and the largest thing like a 'gang' in the world. Don't any of you know the huge influence it's had on Japan? Everything in the Japanese culture and society is influenced by them in someway or another! Against their huge number, none of you will even stand a chance...!

Sorry, but... I don't want to be here anymore... I quit." he told them, before then making his way to leave the room.

"Yazu-" one of them tried to call out, but the largest guy stopped them.

"Shouko-san, he-!"

"I know, and there's nothing we can do. I don't blame him, and nor are we going to punish him for not staying. He's probably been through a lot." Yugari told him.

"I- I'm sorry..." the other then turned away, averting his gaze. They all had been through a lot and not a single one of them dared to guess how much he had or had not been through, and nor did they want to treat anyone like some of the Yakuza branches had before.

"I apologize, Shino-san...," a woman with dark blond dyed hair met the eyes of another one there. "but... I promised him that I would stand by his side as long as I could..., so... I have to go with him as well. I have to admit this is extremely risky even for you. But, please, though, don't die on me, or I swear I won't forgive you. Got it...?"

Her and an older one wearing a white toboggan met each other's gazes.

"Don' worry, 'bout it. Go on. Get outta here." He spoke in a gruff voice, shooing his hand at her.

She bowed and did just that, gently closing the door behind her.

"OK. Since that's decided," Shino said, catching everyone's attention. "are all of you ready? I certainly am. Whenever all of you have thought it over, catch up with your groups..."

...

Somewhere on the Streets of Shinjuku, Toshima-ku, Tokyo.

"AGH!"

There was a crash. A guard rail had just been ripped from off the side of the road, and thrown at a man who was nearby a convenience store. Somehow, he'd barely managed to dodge it.

"Bastard! Where's the money at, huh?" Heiwajima Shizuo now stood in front of him. Picking him up by the shirt, he glared at him and waited for an 'answer'. Man, he really hated these types of low-lives.

"See, when you said you were gonna to have the money in a week, I thought it was clear that you were going to do exactly that. So where's it at?!"

"Hold on, please hold out! It's all I have to cover my l-little b-brother's medical bill!" The man desperately exclaimed, stammering, as he waved his arms, trying to defend his case.

Shizuo's eyes wavered for a moment at the thought of his own little brother. If this was a trick, he swore he'd kill him for playing him as fool like this. "*So*..., speak up, *bud*. Does he have a disease or somethin'?"

"Huh?" the man seemed surprised that he hadn't been pummeled into the ground by now, and smiled a little nervously.

"N-No, but he... um... Th-the doctors say he's d-dying, as a result of... *K-Karoshi.* He's always getting sick, anymore and he rarely ever willingly sleeps. I keep burrowing and stealing m-money, like this, because I can't get a job and-"

"Why didn't you tell or ask someone?" He inquired, raising an eye-brow, eyeing him, obviously still suspicious. He still couldn't help but he might feel a little bad for him in he *wasn't* lying.

"Because he doesn't want me to worry for him, but he's still worse off than he knows." he began fidgeting with Shizuo's sleeve, an unseen look lurking in his eyes. He sort of seemed to be acting, but for once Shizuo wanted to try and put some trust in his own experience with his concern for own brother for once.

Tom had finally just caught up with them, and was almost completely out of breath.

"Look," He finally gave a sigh, putting the man back down on his feet. "I'm still gonna have to take the money back from you, but... I'm going to try to set you up with someone that might can help, 'cuz I don't know if you're lying or not, but they'll know if you are, and I swear I'll make you regret it if you try stealing again, alright?"

"...*H-hai*... Here it is; all sixty thousand yen..." the man mumbled, nodding, then handing Shizuo a Manuela envelope. The blonde took it and made to open it to check if the money really was in it, however, upon holding it, and trying to undo the seal, something sprayed out from it, and he fell back a bit, choking on the substance.

"What the hell?!"

"Some kind of gas? Or was that just pepper spray?" Tom questioned.

When he looked back up, the man was already out of sight, and there wasn't money in the envelope, after all. Just some useless note paper. What a cheap trick. "I don't what it was, but damn it! He's gonna pay for that!"

He took off, running into the crowd of people the man had disappeared into, but immediately came to a stop when a young girl suddenly crashed into him, letting out shout as she fell back on the ground.

"S-Sorry... Are you oka- Akane-san...?"

Upon looking down, he realized that the 'young girl' was the same young girl that had 'tried to kill him' about a year or so back. He didn't know what to think.

...

Izaya was currently walking through Ikebukuro, his twin sisters following closely behind him.

"Iza-nii, let's go to Russia Sushi!"

"Yeah, Iza-nii. Russia Sushi is the best... Ootoro is something that Iza-nii likes from there, isn't it...?"

He looked down at his sisters, almost amused by this. He really didn't quite understand their sudden enthusiasm for sushi and much seafood and food at all.

They didn't like it all that much before, did they? Or had he just not noticed...?

"You know... You're really sounding like Simon-san, now..."

"Iza-nii, you mean you know Simon-san?" Mairu inquired, looking at him in surprise.

"Hm? *Jaa*...," Izaya thought about it. Well, of course he had. Being an information dealer, he would have had to have been acquainted with and known people like him. "*Da*."

"Huh... Wait was suppose to be Russian? Iza-nii, how many languages can you speak, anyway? You have to teach us all of them."

"Iza-nii also knows English..."

"I *could* teach you... but it's rather hard to learn another language. ***((Next sentence contains a fact you'll sort of realize from reading the light novels))***You surely wouldn't be able to learn something like English, though, Kururi, with how you don't even say full sentences at times. It is good that we do understand you enough to know what you're saying at those said times, though. But I am curious how you even knew all that."

"You are wrong, Iza-nii. I talk like that because I choose to do it... I can learn English... and we want to learn to speak both Russian and English, just like you, Iza-nii..." Kururi looked away, gaze somewhat down cast, holding Izaya's right hand close to her.

"That's right!" Mairu added, grabbing and tugging on Izaya's other hand. "Promise us you'll teach us, Iza-nii! Promise us...!"

"...Ah? Very well, now... If.. if you really do insist for it, I suppose it couldn't hurt to try to teach you and Kururi a *little* bit, some time. I definitely *won't* promise to do it, though..." He had looked over, before giving an odd smile, for once somewhat seeming to 'play along with their little game'.

"Anyway... Say, Mairu, Kururi, why don't you go on to Russia Sushi? I'll meet you both there."

"...Okay! But you had better not be lying, Iza-nii...?! Or be prepared to die!"

"Iza-nii isn't tricking Mai-nee and I, is he...?"

"Kuru-chan, how rude of you to accuse your brother of such things. I would never-"

He hadn't known where the sudden honorific had came from and was utterly surprised when he'd given it, even though she didn't seem to pay it much mind, at all.

"Yes, you would, Iza-nii..." looking into his sister's odd worry filled eyes, to say the least, was *hard* all of a sudden for him.

And something inside of him, just for the sake of it, decided he didn't actually want to see Kururi or Mairu hurt, from then on. He couldn't seem to stand these puppy-like eyes she was ultimately showing him, so why couldn't he just turn away...?

"...Fine~" he impulsively reached out and rubbed the top of her head, giving a small defeated smile. "I... I promise I'll catch up with you and Mairu shortly, alright?"

"...Mn." Kururi nodded, seemingly finally satisfied, giving an ever so small, but somehow rather different, smile of almost equal measures in return, before looking up at him to meet his gaze.

"...Thank you again for protecting me back then, Iza-nii. You're a really good brother, whether you want us to say or not..."

Izaya, then ruffled her hair a bit, feeling a bit awkward, and undeserving of the all the compliments he was receiving today. "Get out of here..."

She then stole a hug from him, swiftly kissing his cheek, like many other siblings and family in general had probably done before, but honestly, he still didn't seem to know what to think about it, but didn't mind it, in the end, knowing it was meant to be innocent, either way.

"You know, you actually get along better with your sisters than I thought..." His nose crinkled immediately, when he heard the comment from Shizuo, even if had known he was there.

"Shut up... What, if may I ask, do you want...?" he glanced over at the man, a bit irritated already, just by his presence.

"You're going to Russia Sushi, right?"

"Why?" he slightly cocked an eyebrow, taken a bit off by his inquiry. He couldn't be *following* him, could he?

"'Cuz I'm going as well, so don't even think of trying to ditch them, now. I'm too tired to argue with you, right now, so just comm'n, *flea*." Shizuo grabbed him by the back of his jacket, pushing him forward, before they began to walk, unknowingly receiving both fearful and rather amused stares from the gathering crowds around them.

Great. He *was.*

"Fine, but I'm not 'flea', already, *Heiwajima Shizuo-kun*. I'm *Izaya*. Try to get it right, why don't you?"

"I actually hate to admit it, but he is right, after all... Huh, I evidently do *get along with them, even better than* I *thought I would have, don't I...?"*

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What did you think...? I know I'm likely going to lose someone's interest for this oh so crappy chapter xP

Anyway, where do you suppose Akane went? What do you really think Shizu-chan's thoughts are? How do you think he feels about not being called Shizu-chan suddenly anymore? Are he and Izaya going to get into another fight soon, over something stupid and if so how do you think they'll make up for it? And what exactly are the goals of the dwellers? Could Izaya's sisters be in danger, or could Aoba show up in the last expected moment to save them because they were even nice to him, despite his intentions and hate for Izaya? Review...?

I don't know, but I'm not used to writing this kind of thing. I feel like this sucked. Please tell me I wrong...

Either way, Meri Kurisumasu to arr~!

And Happy New Year, if you don't seen another update until after that.

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